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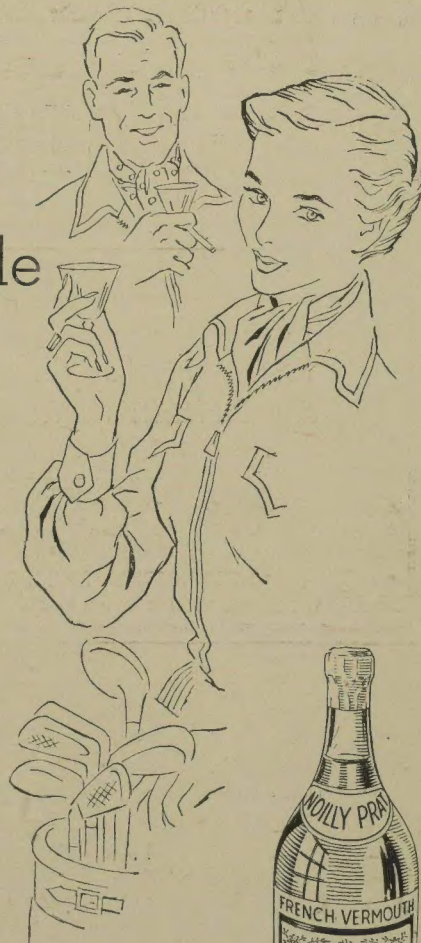
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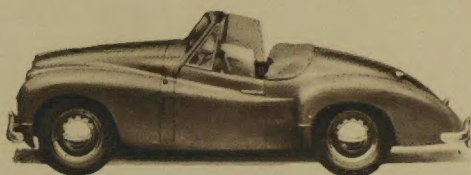
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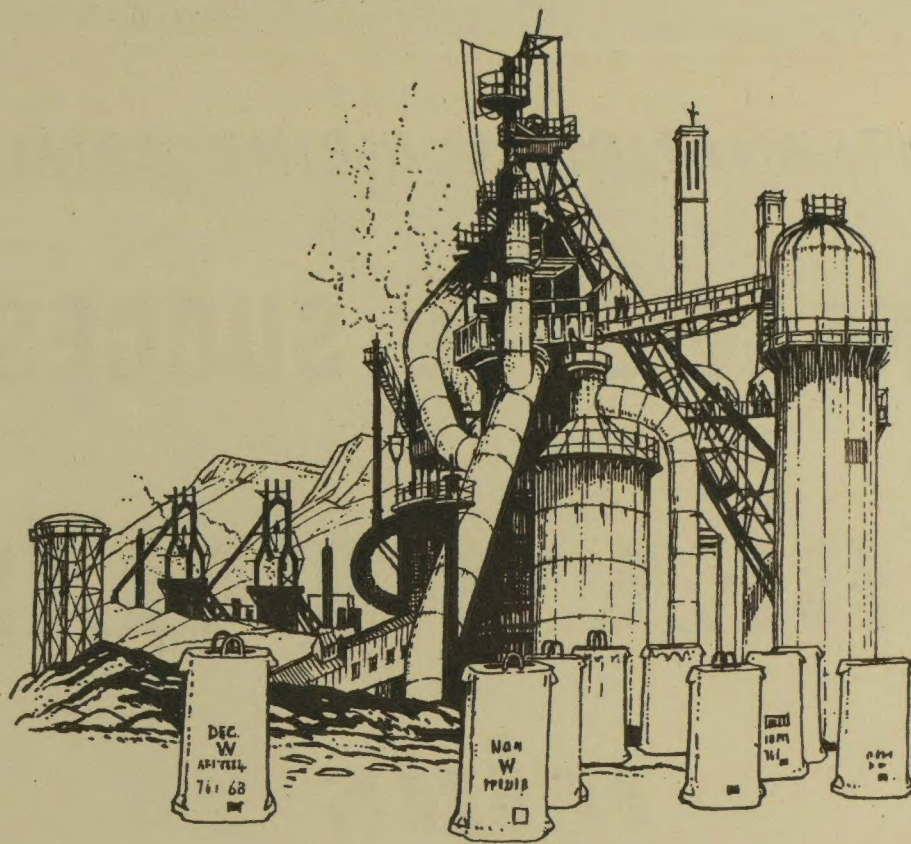
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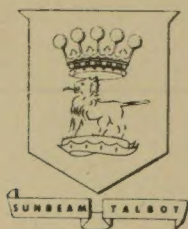
IRON

THE element iron is the most important of all metals and, next to aluminium, the most widely distributed. It has been estimated that there is an average of one cwt. of iron for every ton of the earth's crust. There are many different forms of iron ore, but only four — haematite, magnetite, limonite and siderite — are of industrial value. Most of the iron ore mined in England comes from the siderite deposits at Corby in Northamptonshire and the Scunthorpe district of Lincolnshire. Iron ore smelted in a blast furnace with coke and limestone becomes pig iron, the raw material from which cast iron, wrought iron and steel are made. Steel, the strongest metal in common

use, is iron containing about 1% of carbon. Though iron is a newcomer compared with copper and bronze, more than 3,000 years ago it was used to make implements and weapons. Today it is an essential in the structure of civilization. Without it, there would be no railways, steamships, skyscrapers or machinery. Apart from its use in the construction of chemical plant, iron and some of its compounds are vital in certain chemical processes.

I.C.I. uses iron as a catalyst in the production of synthetic ammonia, and iron pyrites — a sulphide of iron — in sulphuric acid manufacture. It also uses some of the oxides of iron to make pigments for the paint and rubber industries.





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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1952.



THE LEADER OF THE EGYPTIAN MILITARY COUP D'ÉTAT AND THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER WHO COMPELLED KING FAROUK TO ABDICATE: MAJOR-GENERAL NEGUIB MOHAMMED (LEFT), WITH ALY MAHER PASHA.

At 4 p.m. on July 22, the new Egyptian Government of Hilaly Pasha took office; at 11 p.m. this same evening, the Egyptian Army, under the orders of Major-General Neguib Mohammed, a hero of the Palestine war, began patrolling the streets and took over the Egyptian State Broadcasting system. At 7 a.m. the following morning two proclamations were broadcast in the General's name, stating that the Army had acted to end "a period of gross corruption and government instability"; and at 4 p.m., just twenty-four

hours after he had taken office, Hilaly Pasha handed his resignation to King Farouk. Aly Maher Pasha formed a Government of Independents on July 24 and Major-General Neguib Mohammed was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces. In his first proclamation the General said: "The Army will undertake responsibility for law and order in co-operation with the police and I want to assure our brother-foreigners of the safety of their lives and property, for which the Army considers itself responsible."

Other photographs of the Egyptian crisis appear on pages 166-167.

THE COUP D'ÉTAT IN EGYPT: CAIRO WITH THE ARMY IN CONTROL.



TANKS ROLLING DOWN FAROUK AVENUE, CAIRO, AFTER MAJOR-GENERAL NEGUIB MOHAMMED HAD CARRIED OUT HIS *coup d'état*: THE PEOPLE APPEAR TO BE WATCHING WITHOUT ANY SHOW OF EXCITEMENT.

ON our front page we record the story of the *coup d'état* carried out in Egypt by Major-General Neguib Mohammed, which led to the abdication of King Farouk in favour of his son, Ahmed Fuad, and the exile of his Majesty, Queen Narriman and the new infant King. On this page we illustrate the scenes in Cairo during this political upheaval, when troops were deployed in both Alexandria and in Cairo. Major-General Neguib announced the abdication over the radio on July 26. He said: "To complete the work which your valiant Army has undertaken for your cause I have met to-day Aly Maher Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and handed him a petition directed to his Majesty King Farouk containing two demands from the people; first to abdicate in favour of his Highness the Crown Prince before noon to-day; and second to leave the country before six o'clock to-day. His Majesty graciously agreed to the two demands, which were carried into effect at the appointed times. . . ."



ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE ABDIN PALACE, CAIRO: TROOPS OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY. GUARDS ALSO SURROUNDED THE RAS-EL-TIN PALACE, ALEXANDRIA, AND THE KHUBBEH PALACE, NEAR CAIRO.



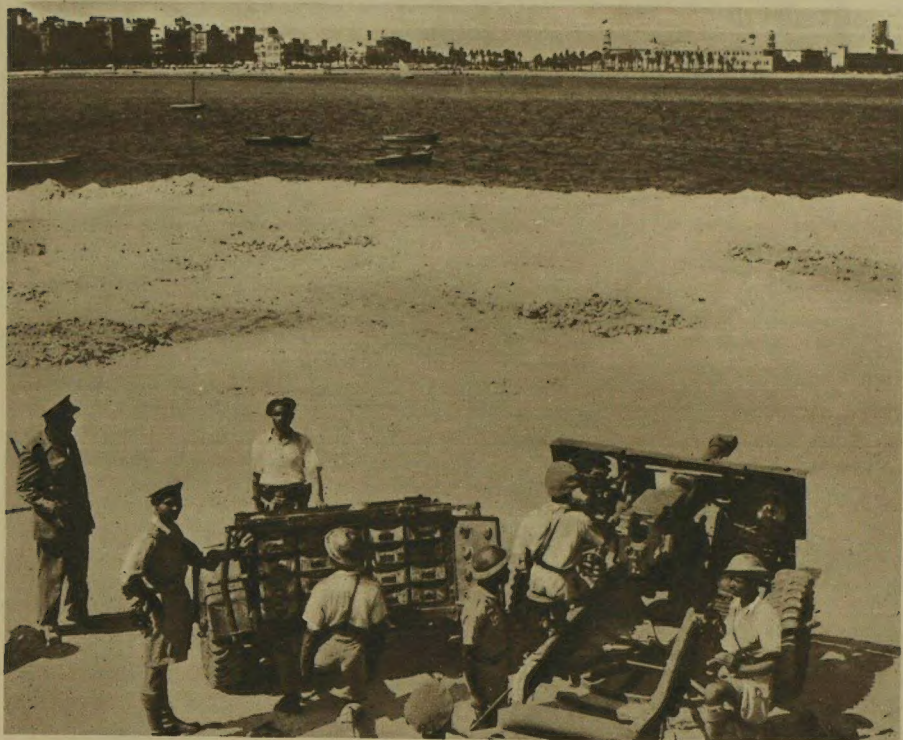
ON GUARD OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL BANK OF EGYPT: EGYPTIAN TROOPS AND TANKS WERE POSTED IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CENTRES OF CAIRO.

THE LEADER OF THE MILITARY COUP OF JULY 23: MAJOR-GENERAL NEGUIB MOHAMMED (PEAKED CAP; STANDING BEHIND THE SOLDIER WITH MACHINE CARBINE).



BROADCASTING TO THE PEOPLE OF EGYPT: MAJOR-GENERAL NEGUIB, WHO ANNOUNCED THE NEWS OF THE ABDICATION OVER THE RADIO AT 6 P.M. ON SATURDAY, JULY 26.

THE ABDICATION OF KING FAROUK: FINAL SCENES IN ALEXANDRIA.



WITH GUNS TRAINED ON THE RAS-EL-TIN PALACE, THEN OCCUPIED BY KING FAROUK: EGYPTIAN ARTILLERY, AFTER THE ULTIMATUM HAD BEEN PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY.



A STREET SCENE IN ALEXANDRIA DURING THE COURSE OF THE MILITARY COUP WHICH ENDED ON JULY 26 WITH THE ABDICATION: EGYPTIAN TROOPS, WITH A PILE OF RIFLES.



BEFORE SAILING FROM ALEXANDRIA WITH KING FAROUK, QUEEN NARRIMAN, THEIR INFANT SON AND THE KING'S DAUGHTERS BY HIS FIRST MARRIAGE, ON BOARD: THE ROYAL YACHT MAHROUSSA.

On July 23, day of the military coup in Egypt, no signs of military activity were visible in Alexandria; but on July 26, described by Major-General Neguib in his broadcast as the "day of action," troops cordoned off both the Ras-el-tin Palace, where King Farouk was, and the Montazar Palace, where Queen Narriman and her son waited; and a clash took place between troops and men of the King's bodyguard. The demands which King Farouk had refused were, in addition to



PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT FROM JULY 21 UNTIL JULY 23: HILALY PASHA (LEFT), WITH HIS FORMER MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, MARAGHI PASHA.



HOLDING THE INFANT KING AHMED FUAD II.: KING FAROUK, WHO HAS ABDICATED IN FAVOUR OF HIS SEVEN-MONTHS-OLD SON. HE SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE OF EGYPT IN 1936.

eradication of corruption, the surrender of the right to declare war, dismiss the Cabinet and dissolve Parliament. He abdicated at noon, and left that night in the Royal yacht with his wife, infant son, who now bears the title of King Ahmed Fuad II., and daughters by his first marriage. A Royal guard of honour was mounted for his departure, and those present included the Prime Minister, Aly Maher Pasha; Mr. Caffery, U.S. Ambassador; and Major-General Neguib.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I DOUBT if any man, except Nelson, has ever won more general love from the British people than Winston Churchill. Wellington probably inspired a more universal respect—in the last years of his life he was virtually, and deservedly, a national idol—and several men, like Gladstone and the two Pitts, have roused at one time or another a more intense enthusiasm in part of the nation, and one or two, like Fox and Charles II., more love in a section of it. But Churchill holds a place in the heart of almost every living Englishman, even those who disapprove most strongly of his politics and political affiliations. For it was Churchill who in those dark, unforgettable days of 1940 told us the hard yet heartening truth we all wanted to know, breathed the defiance we all felt in the imminent, infuriating presence of the triumphant dragon's hot, devouring breath, and reunited us—in that moment of breaking and calamity—with one another and with our own past and future. With an eloquence that sprang from the grim, challenging facts of our national situation and from the depth of his own glowing heart, he told us to do our duty and showed us how to do it. To the end of time, as I have written elsewhere, his signal to the British people in the summer of 1940 will fly with Nelson's. Nothing he could ever do or say in the span of life remaining to him can ever alter what we of our generation feel about him. England may, but we shall never, know a finer hour than August, 1940.

We have cause to love and honour him, too, for the years that followed—the years in which Britain transformed herself under his splendid leadership from the weak, divided, pleasure-loving nation she was at the start of the war into the tense, attacking, tiger-force she became by 1944. We were all so busy in helping, in our humble ways, to make her so that we did not perhaps fully realise at the time the magnitude of that part of his achievement. Indeed, I doubt, now that we have reverted to our former state, whether we have ever realised it at all. There were even times, as in the dark days of the late winter of 1941-42—the winter of Hong Kong and Singapore—when Britain seemed partly and temporarily to lose faith in Mr. Churchill's heroic and unflagging leadership and when many, though more at the top than at the solid base of the nation, criticised him for failing to achieve early results. I remember writing of him at that time on this page—it was the end of January, 1942: "He has stood up to his countrymen at home as bravely as he has stood up to his foes abroad. He has directed the war as war must be directed and, as I believe the future will show, shortened its otherwise disastrous course by years. He has made brave decisions and stuck to them, and one day it will be realised how brave. . . . So far, it is for his courage in disaster that we have acclaimed him. But one day—and not, I believe, a too-distant one—it will be for his triumphs. The time is coming when we shall awake every morning, as Chatham's contemporaries did, and ask what new victories the day has brought forth." Nine months later, at the end of October, 1942, when Montgomery struck at Alamein, that day began. It continued from that hour, with a growing crescendo, until the triumphant summer of 1945, when the victory polls revealed the old truth that gratitude is not to be looked for in the hard, cruel business of politics.

After then, until the beginning of last winter Mr. Churchill was in the political wilderness. As he was then in his seventies, a man of the widest and most varied tastes which he had every qualification and reason for indulging, and, as he had still at least one great story to tell in immortal literature as only he could tell it—his memoirs of the late war—no one could

have blamed him or would have been surprised had he chosen to withdraw from active political life. Despite his immense and unique services to his country in two world wars he had never been a very successful peace-time party politician, and had certainly never been a particularly good "party man," for he had changed his allegiance at least twice during his lifetime. That he chose to remain what he had automatically become when he became leader of the nation in 1940—official Leader of the Conservative Party—and this when he was no longer leader of the nation, involved him in what to many seemed an unnatural, and what to him must often have been an uncongenial task. No one could have blamed him, particularly in view of the hopeless minority in which his party was then in Parliament, if he had laid his thankless task down after a few years or even months. Indeed, the love in which he is held by his countrymen to-day would have been greater and certainly more universal had he done so.

His constancy and devotion to public duty brought him last November once more the great prize of the Premiership. But it brought it to him in a form which would have appalled even a man in his vigorous thirties and forties, let alone one of seventy-seven who had endured, moreover, for nearly six years and at an advanced age, the most tremendous strain which has been the lot of any political leader in our history since Alfred. He succeeded to power not with a comfortable majority, but with one so small as to involve the constant risk of parliamentary defeat, and to a nation with no clear purpose but rigidly divided between two contending ideologies and programmes, both of them rooted in past and now rather unrealistic, but none the less bitter, controversies. What was worse, he assumed, by assuming office, popular responsibility for the consequences of those very policies which his political opponents had pursued while in power and which he had in opposition denounced. For those consequences are only now beginning to be felt by the unthinking mass of the nation, who are certain to blame Mr. Churchill for them—and are, in fact, as recent by-elections have shown, already doing so—and not those, now cheerfully taunting him in opposition, who brought them about.

All this, however, is past history, and part of the story of Mr. Churchill's astonishing, checked and glorious political career. What matters now, both to him and to us, is the future. And what matters above all at the present juncture—one, though we are still not as a people aware of it, as grave as that which faced us in 1940—is that we should find, first a working unity that can enable us to face our difficulties as a single nation instead of as two almost equally divided and irreconcilable half-nations, and, secondly, a new, constructive and, in a sense, revolutionary economic

and social policy that can solve and resolve those fatal difficulties and divisions. Mr. Churchill has done his best to unite us in peace as he so successfully did in war, and since he took office has shown the greatest and most magnanimous self-restraint in seeking this end. Whether he can still do so in the teeth of stubborn fact no man can say; in a sense, the very fullness and magnitude of his long, honourable but fiercely fought career have in this proved a handicap to him. The future alone can show. But it is seldom a Moses who leads into the Promised Land the people he has led through the wilderness. There is a song which Mr. Churchill used to sing in the school where he and I alike were educated which reminded boys—and future men—that "often a brother must finish the work that a brother began." If that proves so in his case, after all he has wrought for Britain, it will be because there is an inevitable term to the powers and achievements of even the greatest of men.



THE DEATH OF THE "SPIRITUAL CHIEF OF THE ARGENTINE NATION" AND ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE WOMEN IN THE HISTORY OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS: SENORA EVA PERON, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA.

Senora Eva Peron, wife of the Argentine President, died at Buenos Aires on July 26. Born of humble parentage in the village of Los Toldos on May 7, 1919, Eva Maria Duarte went to the capital at an early age, where, aided by her looks and a vivacious manner, she obtained employment as an actress on the stage and in films. In the early part of World War II, she took part in a number of broadcast historical plays and became known to millions of Argentine listeners as "Senorita Radio." In 1944 General (then Colonel) Peron, who was Minister of Labour and Welfare, asked her to broadcast an appeal for victims of the San Juan earthquake. They were married secretly in 1945, and in the following year General Peron became President. In 1947 Senora Peron toured Europe but did not visit Britain. She established the Eva Peron Foundation which, with the aid of funds subscribed by business men and the trade unions, provided help for the destitute, and other forms of social assistance, and increased her power and popularity in the country. Last year Eva Peron announced that she would offer herself for the Vice-Presidency in the November elections, but owing to the hostility of the Army subsequently withdrew, and for this the President awarded her the Grand Extraordinary Peronista Medal "in recognition of her noble gesture." Her health began to give cause for anxiety and she was unable to take any part in the elections which returned her husband as President for a second term. She underwent a serious operation in November, but never fully recovered her health, and though she accompanied General Peron in the inauguration ceremonies of his second Presidential term on June 4, this was her last appearance in public. Recently Congress had proclaimed her the "spiritual chief of the Argentine nation." On her death the Cabinet met and issued a resolution proclaiming national mourning, and it was arranged that her body should be taken to the Ministry of Labour and Welfare for two days' lying-in-state.

THE DEMOCRATS' CHOICE FOR THE U.S. PRESIDENCY AND VICE-PRESIDENCY.



(ABOVE.)
CHOSEN AS THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S PRESIDENTIAL
CANDIDATE TO OPPOSE GENERAL EISENHOWER:
MR. ADLAI STEVENSON, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS.

THE Democratic National Convention in Chicago ended on July 26, after Mr. Adlai Stevenson, fifty-two-year-old Governor of Illinois, had been chosen as Presidential candidate to oppose General Eisenhower in the November election. It is the general opinion that the two great American parties have each offered the best man within their ranks. Whether Republicans or Democrats win, there will be no basic change in America's present foreign policy, to which both men are publicly committed. Mr. Stevenson was nominated for the Democratic Presidency by 617½ votes against 275½ polled by his nearest rival, Senator Kefauver.

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.)
THE DEMOCRATS' VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE:
SENATOR JOHN SPARKMAN OF ALABAMA, A MEMBER
OF THE SENATE FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE.



(Continued.)

who had topped the poll in the first two ballots, but failed to get the necessary majority. Mr. Stevenson, the man who steadfastly proclaimed that he did not want to be nominated, has emerged in triumph from the long and noisy convention as the man who, in the words of Alistair Cooke: "owes nothing to the South, nothing to the Northern Liberals. He is his own man." In a speech which made a great impression, Mr. Stevenson said: "... More important than winning the election is governing the nation... I hope and pray that we Democrats, win or lose, can campaign not as a crusade to exterminate the opposing party, as our opponents seem to prefer, but as a great opportunity to educate and elevate a people whose destiny is leadership, not alone of a rich, prosperous, contented country, but of a world in ferment." The man chosen as Democratic Party candidate for the Vice-Presidency is Senator John Sparkman of Alabama, a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DIED SUDDENLY ON JULY 26: LORD FRANCIS SCOTT, UNCLE OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND YOUNGEST SON OF THE SIXTH DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

Lord Francis Scott died in a train at Paddington Station on July 26 while on his way to Windsor Horse Show. He was seventy-two. A distinguished soldier, he settled in Kenya after World War I, and was twice a member of the Executive Council there. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester stayed at his home during their visit to Kenya in 1950.



THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

Nominated as the new M.C.C. President. He will take office in succession to Mr. W. Findlay on October 31. Apart from being a keen amateur cricketer, the Duke is Master of the Horse, president of the International Horse Show, and president of the British Olympic Association. In addition he is a good shot and a fine fisherman.



THE AMIR OF BAHAWALPUR.

The forty-seven-year-old Amir of Bahawalpur is visiting London with his English wife, the Begum Sahiba. The Amir, who was one of the first rulers to accede to Pakistan, has encouraged the development of democratic government in his State, as well as the development of its economic resources and educational facilities.

MR. ASGEIR ASGEIRSSON.

Elected President of Iceland on July 1. Mr. Asgeir Asgeirsson was President of the United Althing from 1930 to 1931. In our issue of July 12 we published a photograph described as that of Mr. Asgeirsson. We regret that owing to an error on the part of the photographer this was actually a portrait of Mr. Bjarni Jónsson, an unsuccessful presidential candidate.



ADMIRING A SILVER STATUETTE OF A W.R.A.F. SERGEANT: MR. HARALD PEAKE AND DAME FELICITY PEAKE AT THEIR WEDDING PARTY ON JULY 23.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, with more than 300 other guests, attended the wedding party for Mr. Harald Peake and Dame Felicity Peake (formerly Dame Felicity Hanbury, and Director of the W.R.A.F.) at Claridge's on July 23. A silver statuette of a W.R.A.F. sergeant was given to them as a wedding present by officers of the W.R.A.F.



SIR HENRY THOMAS.

Died on July 21, aged seventy-three. For over forty-four years he was in the service of the British Museum and was Principal Keeper of Printed Books there from 1946 to 1947; having previously been Keeper from 1943 to 1945, and Deputy Keeper from 1924 to 1943. He was a distinguished Spanish scholar and was president of the Anglo-Spanish Society from 1931 to 1946. As well as writing a large number of books he produced some important catalogues for the British Museum. He was knighted in 1946.



THE KING OF NORWAY, WHO CELEBRATES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY TO-MORROW, SUNDAY, AUGUST 3: KING HAAKON WITH (LEFT) HIS GRANDSON, PRINCE HARALD, AND (RIGHT) HIS SON, THE CROWN PRINCE OLAV.

King Haakon VII. of Norway was born on August 3, 1872, and thus reaches the age of eighty to-morrow, Sunday, August 3, when he will receive the heartiest and most affectionate congratulations from his people, and from those of many other lands. He is related to our Royal family, for his wife, the late Queen Maud, was the third daughter of King Edward VII. King Haakon's son, the Crown Prince Olav, was born in 1903, and his grandson, second in the line of succession, Prince Harald, was born on February 21, 1937.



LORD GOSCHEN.

Died on July 24, aged eighty-five. He succeeded his father as the second Viscount in 1907. He was Governor of Madras from 1924 to 1929, and while Lord Halifax was on leave in 1929 he acted as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. After World War I, in which he commanded a battalion of the Buffs, he became Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture, and Controller, Labour Division, of the Food Production Department. Lord Goschen was senior member of the board of the Westminster Bank until last January.



LADY RHYNS-Williams.



LORD MACDONALD.



SIR ALEXANDER CADOGAN. (Chairman.)



SIR HENRY MULHOLLAND.



SIR PHILIP MORRIS.

NEW APPOINTMENTS TO THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS OF THE B.B.C.: FIVE OF THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR BROADCASTING POLICY.

The Prime Minister announced in the House of Commons on July 24 that the Queen had approved the appointment of nine governors of the British Broadcasting Corporation, who will be responsible for broadcasting policy from August 1. There are five new appointments. Sir Alexander Cadogan, formerly British Permanent Representative to the United Nations, is chairman. He will hold office for five years, half the term of the new Charter. Lady Rhys-Williams, the Liberal economist and author, is to be a Governor for four years. Lord Macdonald of Gwynedd has been appointed

national governor for Wales until June 30, 1957. He was Governor of Newfoundland from 1946 to 1949. Sir Henry Mulholland, Speaker in the House of Commons of Northern Ireland from 1929 to 1945, will serve as national governor for Northern Ireland until June 30, 1957. Sir Philip Morris, Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University since 1946, and a member of the B.B.C. General Advisory Council, has been appointed to the Board until June 30, 1956. Four of the previous members were reappointed: Lord Tedder; Lord Clydesmuir; Mr. I. A. R. Stedford and Professor Barbara Wootton.

THE QUEEN AT THE WINDSOR HORSE SHOW.



PRESENTING A ROSETTE TO THREE SISTERS WHOSE PONY *BARLEY SUGAR* WON A SPECIAL PRIZE: H.M. THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.



WEARING A BLACK EVENING DRESS AND A TIARA: THE QUEEN ABOUT TO PRESENT A PRIZE ROSETTE IN THE FLOODLIT RING AT WINDSOR.



IN THE SUNSHINE AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR HORSE SHOW: THE QUEEN PRESENTING A PRIZE ROSETTE TO MISS ANNABEL SYKES ON *CADOGAN PEARL*.

Her Majesty the Queen, who has been a keen horsewoman since she was a child, attended each day of the Royal Windsor Horse Show, which was held in the Home Park, Windsor Castle, on July 24, 25 and 26. The Show was the occasion for a final "school" by our Olympic jumping team, which was due to leave for Helsinki on July 30. On the evening of the second day the Queen drove round the arena at the floodlit session and later watched the musical ride of the Household Cavalry. After it her Majesty walked into the arena and inspected the unit, which comprised officers and men of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards in equal numbers. On leaving the Show the Queen again drove round the arena and was given a great cheer as she left the ground to go on to Combermere Barracks, where she attended a ball given by the Royal Horse Guards.

HER MAJESTY VISITS A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

On July 23 H.M. the Queen paid an informal visit to the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London, where she spent an hour walking through the wards. This well-known hospital is celebrating the completion of its first 100 years' work for children. February 14 marked the hundredth anniversary of the opening of what was the first children's hospital in the British Isles. Among the nurses who were presented to the Queen during her visit last week were Sister Winifred Turner, who nursed her at Sandringham when she had measles, and Sister Frances Hartington, who nursed Princess Margaret with measles. During her tour of the wards the Queen spoke to many of the small patients, who put down their games and dolls to gaze in wonder and admiration at the Royal visitor. Children and members of the staff lined the hospital balconies and cheered her Majesty when she left by car.



CROWDING THE BALCONIES TO BID FAREWELL TO THE QUEEN: PATIENTS, NURSES AND DOCTORS WATCHING HER MAJESTY LEAVE THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.



THE QUEEN AT THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET: HER MAJESTY BEING PRESENTED WITH A BOUQUET ON HER ARRIVAL.



THE LATE MR. JAMES V. FORRESTAL.

Mr. James Forrestal, Secretary of the U.S. Navy in the closing years of World War II, was the first U.S. Secretary of Defence. He resigned in March, 1949, just two months before his tragic death, which occurred at a time when he appeared to be recovering from a mental collapse caused by years of overwork. The book reviewed on this page was drawn from fifteen loose-leaf diaries which he left at the White House.

Photograph by Karsh.

edition of Jim Forrestal's Diaries. Although the Diaries do not begin until 1944, when he succeeded the great Frank Knox as Secretary of the Navy in Washington, Forrestal was in fact my opposite number from the time he joined the Roosevelt Administration in 1940. When I was First Lord of the Admiralty he was successively Under-Secretary and Secretary of the Navy; and my appointment to the newly-created post of Minister of Defence for the United Kingdom in January, 1947, was followed a few months later by Forrestal's appointment to the newly-created post of Secretary for Defence in the United States Administration." That paragraph indicates the importance of Mr. Forrestal in the war

THE POST-WAR WORLD AS VIEWED BY A U.S. STATESMAN.

"The Forrestal Diaries. The Inner History of the Cold War": Edited by Walter Millis, with the collaboration of E. S. Duffield.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The Illustration on this page is not reproduced from the Book.

LORD ALEXANDER of Hillsborough (better remembered as the Socialist-Co-operative A. V. Alexander who was for many years First Lord of the Admiralty) says, in his preface: "I am glad to have the privilege of writing this Introductory Note to the British

"By the end of April he was responding well to treatment. He seemed his old self to numbers of his friends and associates, including the President, who visited him. The moods of depression recurred, but with decreasing frequency and severity. By the middle of May his physicians were looking forward to his discharge in another month or so, and as a necessary part of the treatment they risked a relaxation of the restraints that had been set around him. It was a tragic miscalculation. On the night of May 21-22 he was reading late in his room on the sixteenth floor; the book was Mark Van Doren's *Anthology of World Poetry*, and he was copying from it Præd's version of Sophocles's dark and solemn 'Chorus from Ajax':

Fair Salamis, the billows' roar
Wanders around thee yet;
And sailors gaze upon thy shore
Firm in the Ocean set.
Thy son is in a foreign clime
Where Ida feeds her countless flocks,
Far from thy dear, remembered rocks,
Worn by the waste of time—
Comfortless, nameless, hopeless—save
In the dark prospect of the yawning grave. . . .

Woe to the mother, in her close of day,
Woe to her desolate heart, and temples grey,
When she shall hear
Her loved one's story whispered in her ear!
'Woe, woe!' will be the cry—
No quiet murmur like the tremulous wail
Of the lone bird, the querulous nightingale.

however, wait to take a degree. He seems to have had an idea of returning in the fall to make up the necessary credits; if so, it was never realised. Instead he took a job with the Tobacco Products Corporation, selling cigarettes. But the prospects this offered seemed unappealing. In 1916 he entered the investment banking house of William A. Read and Co. (shortly to become Dillon, Read and Co.) and with that firm he was to make his business career."

He enlisted in 1917 as a seaman in the Navy. He transferred to the air and then trained in Canada with the R.F.C. He got his wings (in our terminology), went to headquarters of Naval Operations and, when the war ended, went back to his firm and became rich. In 1940 he was asked to join Franklin Roosevelt's Government and, to the end, he served his country.

Why have I concentrated on the career of this modest, tenacious man, when there is so much about other things in this large book, compressed from multitudes of diaries, letters and public documents? Simply because, after spending several days trudging through the book, the image of a man is left with me, and a man I should like to have known. A great deal of the book is concerned with the American endeavour to link all the Services under a common Defence organisation without obliterating their power of independent action. We have gone through all that here. A great deal of it is concerned with the Air Force and its relation to the Army and the Navy: we had all that more than thirty years ago. A great deal of it concerns the relations of Russia with the

THE CORONATION COURT OF CLAIMS: THE FIRST MEETING OF THE COMMISSIONERS AT THE PRIVY COUNCIL OFFICE ON JULY 21.



"LET ALL PERSONS KEEP SILENCE ON PAIN OF IMPRISONMENT": SIR ALBERT NAPIER, Q.C., CLERK OF THE CROWN, READING THE COMMISSION APPOINTING MEMBERS OF THE COURT, "GIVEN BY THE QUEEN HERSELF SIGNED WITH HER OWN HAND."

Our group of members of the Court of Claims shows (from left to right; seated) Lord MacDermott, Lord Chief Justice of Northern Ireland; Lord Porter, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary; Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain; Lord Woolton, Lord President of the Council; Lord Simonds, the Lord Chancellor, who presided; the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal; Lord Jowitt; Lord Goddard, Lord Chief Justice of England; and Sir Raymond Evershed, Master of the Rolls. Standing behind, from left to right, are Mr. John Hunt; Sir Albert Napier, Q.C., Clerk of the Crown; Colonel Dallas Waters, Registrar to the Privy Council; and Mr. L. W. S. Upton. The photograph was taken on July 21, at the first meeting of the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty to hear and determine

claims of services to be performed at the Coronation. The Court was opened in public, the Registrar of the Privy Council enjoined that "All Persons keep silence," and Sir Albert Napier, Clerk of the Crown, read the Queen's commission appointing the members of the Court which was given "by the Queen herself signed with her own hand" at Westminster on June 6. The Commissioners then sat in private and when the Court reopened to the public the form of procedure to be followed in presenting petitions was read. The Court has adjourned until October 31. The full Court numbers forty-two, but a smaller body will sit to consider claims. Lord Cooper, Lord Justice General of Scotland and Lord President of the Court of Session, who will sit, as a rule, was not present.

and post-war administration of the United States. But Lord Alexander's use of the diminutive "Jim" brings one up with a jerk in regard to Mr. Forrestal's reputation. "You may be Jim to someone, but you are not Jim to me," as Housman almost said: Forrestal here, outside official circles, was barely known, even as James. "Teddy" Roosevelt was cherished under that name, and his memory has been preserved by Teddy Bears. Our newspapers during these last troubled years have dinned into our ears the names of a succession of American statesmen with double names, such as Wendell Wilkie, Cordell Hull and Sumner Welles. But Forrestal was hardly known here as Forrestal, let alone as Jim. And yet he seems to have been about the soundest of the lot. He was not a professional politician and he was utterly honest. He never stopped educating himself. He served his country for years when he would much rather have retired from public life. He was never swayed by the illusions which beset so many "democratic" politicians and are so useful as material for spell-binding ignorant electorates. At the end, when he cracked under the strain, and wasn't sure whether he had ceased to do his job because of resignation (with which he was always ready) or of dismissal, he was sent to a hospital under the care of psychiatrists.

The copying ceased on this word; the sheets were laid in the back of the book and the book itself set down open at the page. It was three o'clock in the morning. Forrestal went into a small diet kitchen on the same floor, which he had been encouraged to use, and fell to death from its unguarded window." Although very laconic and reserved, he was very sensitive to the horrors of the world in which he was living. He may well have brooded over Jan Masaryk's earlier fall from a window. I knew Jan Masaryk and cannot believe that his fall was deliberate. I did not know Forrestal and can well believe that his was.

Forrestal had one of those variegated careers which are so much commoner in America than here. His father, at the age of nine, emigrated to America from Ireland (whence does the odd name Forrestal come?) to join his mother, who had emigrated before. That father learnt the carpenter's trade, established a sound contracting and construction business in New York State, and married a farmer's daughter. The boy left school at sixteen and embarked on a career as a journalist. "Three years of local journalism were enough to convince him that he would need a college education if he was to advance his career, and in the autumn of 1911 he entered Dartmouth. In the following year he transferred to Princeton, perhaps feeling that it offered him better opportunities and wider contacts. . . . By his senior year he was on the student council and was himself Chairman of the *Princetonian*. . . . Forrestal did not,

rest of the world: Forrestal had no illusions to lose on that subject; but what can one do when people will insist on living in Dreamland? The Russian thing is still alive: the arguments about American administration may interest historians in the United States, but will be slow going to the general reader. There are passages about organisation even in Mr. Churchill's many books about two wars which are readable only because of the vigour of the author's spirit, and his prose.

Mr. Forrestal took a very dim view of the Labour Government here, which was using American money in order to build an idler's Utopia. He, realistic and idealistic at once, was also shocked because his party's policy with regard to Palestine was influenced by the large Jewish subscriptions towards party funds. One Englishman really did surprise him, by an independence of thought to which he was not accustomed amongst politicians: the late Mr. Ernest Bevin told him that he thought we had made a great mistake in getting rid of the Kaiser and leaving a vacuum to be filled by Hitler.

Mr. Bevin, also, went on learning. As for Forrestal, who hated public life and mob-oratory and had no ambition for power, he knew something of world-history, and knew the consequence of European history. He might have shared sorrows with Metternich; and, at his life's close, for similar reasons of overstrain, he became a brother of Castlereagh.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 198 of this issue.

* "The Forrestal Diaries. The Inner History of the Cold War." Edited by Walter Millis, with the Collaboration of E. S. Duffield. With an Introductory Note by Viscount Alexander of Hillsborough, C.H. (Cassell; 25/- net.)

THE CORONATION: H.M. THE QUEEN'S PROCESSIONAL ROUTE THROUGH LONDON.



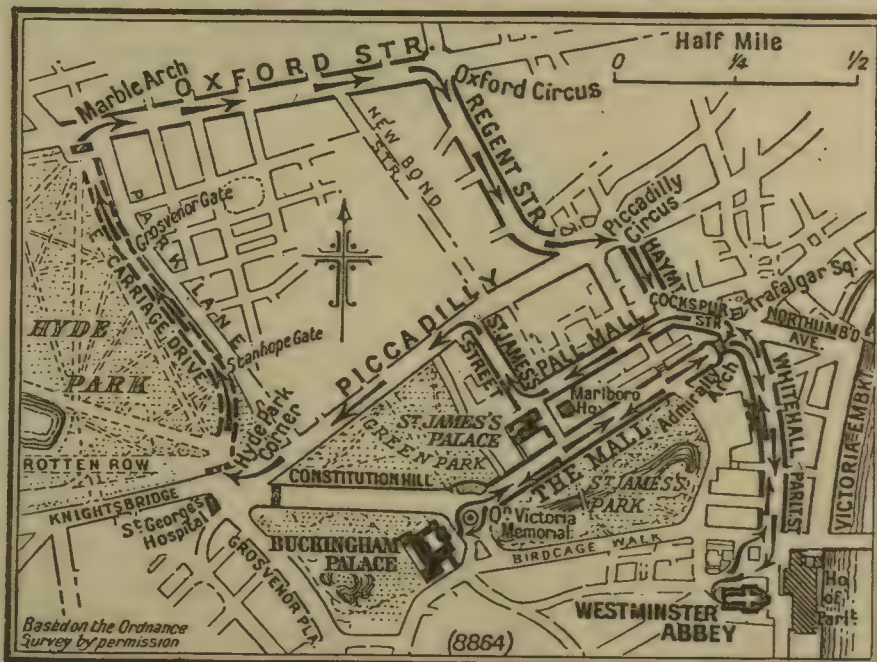
(ABOVE.) SHOWING QUEEN ELIZABETH II.'S ROUTE FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JUNE 2, 1953, FOR HER CORONATION, AND HER RETURN TO THE PALACE: AN AIR VIEW OF CENTRAL LONDON, WITH A DOTTED LINE SHOWING THE ROUTE TO THE ABBEY AND A SOLID LINE THE RETURN TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE route by which our young Queen Elizabeth II. will drive from Buckingham Palace on June 2, 1953, for her coronation in the ancient Westminster Abbey, where so many of her Royal forbears have in the past been crowned, has been announced. The procession from the Palace to the

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTES FOR CORONATION DAY THROUGH CENTRAL LONDON: A PLAN SHOWING THE STREETS THROUGH WHICH THE QUEEN WILL DRIVE, WITH THE PRINCIPAL LANDMARKS INDICATED.

Photograph by Hunting Aerosurveys; plan by arrangement with "The Times."

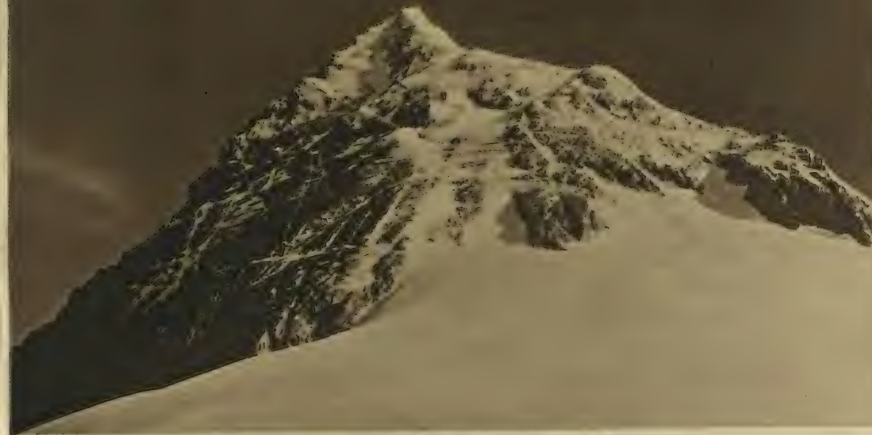


(Continued).

Abbey will take a direct route, by way of the West and North sides of the Victoria Memorial, down The Mall, through Admiralty Arch, along the South side of Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, the East and South sides of Parliament Square, and Broad Sanctuary to the West Entrance of Westminster Abbey. From the Abbey the procession will move by way of Broad Sanctuary, West and North sides of Parliament Square, Whitehall, South side of Trafalgar Square, Cockspur Street, Pall Mall and St. James's Street. Turning left along Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner, it will enter Hyde Park through the Central Arch of the Screen, and proceed up the East Carriage Road, through Marble Arch and by way of Oxford Street, Oxford Circus, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus, Haymarket, Cockspur Street, South side of Trafalgar Square, Admiralty Arch, The Mall and the East and South sides of the Victoria Memorial back to Buckingham Palace.



APPROACHING THE SOUTH-EAST RIDGE OF EVEREST: A MEMBER OF THE SWISS EXPEDITION, WHO SEEMS TO BE SETTING FOOT ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD



"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR": EVEREST THE SOUTH END OF THE SUMMIT RIDGE AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH COL.



AFTER CLEARING THE ICEFALL ON THEIR WAY DOWN TO CAMP 1, AND THE BASE CAMP DURING THE DESCENT: RAYMOND LAMBERT (LEFT) AND THE SHERPA TENING TAKING A REST.



TAKING OXYGEN ON THE SOUTH-EAST RIDGE OF EVEREST: THE SHERPA TENING WHO, WITH LAMBERT, REACHED THE GREATEST HEIGHT EVER KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN ATTAINED.

LOOKING BACK ON EVEREST: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS, AND LESSONS LEARNT FROM THE SWISS ATTEMPT.

THE lessons of Everest learnt during the recent gallant Swiss attempt are now being closely studied. They were summed up by Raymond Lambert (the Swiss Alpine guide who, with the Sherpa Tensing, reached the greatest height ever known to have been attained on Everest) in an article which recently appeared in *The Times*. Lambert writes: "Certain well-defined lessons emerge from our experiences this year. Not the least interesting, perhaps, is the conclusion we reached that the best ages for Everest climbers are between thirty and forty-three. We have learnt more about the benefits of long acclimatisation. Thanks to our reconnaissances in the Western Cwm, all the members of our expedition stayed in good physical condition at heights up to nearly 26,000 ft. Some of the benefits of this acclimatisation were lost, however, by the too lengthy gap between Camp 5, in the Western Cwm (22,630 ft.), and Camp 6, on the South Col (25,840 ft.); to make this journey we had to climb more than 3,000 ft. in a single day, leaving us too exhausted, in the rarefied atmosphere of those extreme altitudes, to make a successful assault. For the success of any future attempt along the same route an intermediate camp must be

(Continued opposite.)

(RIGHT.) FOUR GALLANT CLIMBERS WHO REACHED THE UPPER SLOPES OF EVEREST IN THE ATTEMPT UPON THE SUMMIT: (L. TO R.) LAMBERT, AUBERT, FLORY AND TENING.



(Continued.) established, at somewhere about the 24,000-ft. level, allowing climbers to set out for the assault in better condition. Modifications in the oxygen equipment are also necessary. The equipment we had was adequate as far as the *arris*, that is to say, up to about 27,500 ft. But above that it was not satisfactory, mainly because we found we could not take in oxygen while we were on the move; each time we needed it we had to stop. Oxygen equipment for an assault on Everest must be light enough for a climber to carry it on his back; and it must provide a sufficient flow of oxygen to allow a quicker climb between the South Col and the summit of the mountain. It took us five hours to climb less than 700 ft. during our final assault; it should take only two. If any future attempt on Everest is to succeed, careful consideration must be given to the design of new oxygen equipment; for we gained the strong impression that after some nights spent at nearly 26,000 ft., with the present equipment, one reaches some kind of physiological limit." (The necessity of having a perfect oxygen supply was pointed out in *The Illustrated London News* of July 12, when we published drawings to illustrate the new British oxygen apparatus, which weighs only 5 lb.) Mr. Lambert says that the rest of their equipment proved generally satisfactory: "It would be an advantage, though, to have a pack, for use on the climb itself, containing a tent for two men or perhaps three; two pneumatic mattresses; sleeping-bags; a stove; and fuel. This would considerably ease the task of carrying equipment and materials from one camp to another. Some new kind of climbing boot is also needed which can be put on without the expenditure of much precious energy at high altitudes." Mr. Lambert adds that the rations were good, though inevitably not always particularly appetising. He also says that more Sherpas will be needed for a successful assault.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE CLAIMS OF CIVIL DEFENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS.

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

would have to be, as before, put upon a national basis in war. He gave the figures of enrolment, a total of 263,458, in the civil defence corps, auxiliary fire services, national hospital service reserve, and special constabulary, not including those engaged in civil defence in industry. These numbers were not to be despised, but, he added, many thousands more were wanted and serious shortages existed. The Government proposed to make changes in the age limits for service and to bring these into effect in two months' time. All men between the ages of eighteen and thirty, not likely to be required in the early stages of a war, such as Class Z reservists not earmarked for

special preparations must continue. The Home Secretary ended with a warm appeal for more recruits, and his speech was generally well received.

The main theme of criticism in the debate was that civil defence had not yet been revitalised and that the local authorities were not conscious of any real pressure from the central Government. One member described the state of civil defence in London as grave, with recruiting patchy in some parts, and dismal in others. There is, it need hardly be said, a great deal in the planning of civil defence concerning subjects not mentioned in the Home Secretary's speech and not suitable for public discussion. Since I myself

know nothing of what is going on regarding these matters, I find it easier to mention some of them than to discuss certain military affairs about which I am rather better informed. First of all, a grave error will have been made if all large buildings, official or industrial, constructed or reconstructed since the war, have not been designed in such a way as to provide protection not only for those who normally work in them, but also for a number of people who do not. The cost of such strengthening is small in relation to that of the building. The benefit may be very great.

Secondly, water is the most important of all the valuable things carried to the user by pipe or wire—gas, electricity, telephonic communication, etc. The temporary cutting off of any other may be only an inconvenience, whereas the cutting off of water may be a terrible fatality. And it is not only the supply of water which has to be considered here, but also measures for keeping it, as far as possible, free from contamination, and decontaminating it when necessary. Then gamma rays introduce a new problem for the medical services, though we are now assured that the danger of lingering radio-activity has been much exaggerated. The whole question of moral support has become more important than in the last war—partly because there was a last war and its effects have not yet passed away, partly because the strain might be worse. The British people are not given to panic and did not panic in the last war, but morale varied somewhat from place to place and from time to time and in a city often had a direct relation to the quality of the corporation.

The subject is disagreeable, so much so that some people, when they see an article about it, deliberately turn the page. We do not want to live with it and there is no reason why we should do so. Yet the Government ought to press forward with the preparatory measures it has taken, and perhaps faster than hitherto. I believe it is right to move cautiously and, rather than cause too much disturbance and dislocation now, count upon being able to get the prepared machinery working quickly if an emergency occurs. Yet I also feel that it will have to go in for more straight talk and not let this be a subject which comes out only once a year and is then forgotten. Nowadays people do not take in anything which they do not particularly desire to hear unless it is repeated again and again. The "plugging" of the advertiser has made them resistant to quieter or more intermittent forms of appeal.

The eradication of the belief that nothing is any good against the atomic bomb is extremely important. The report of the American bombing-survey group in Asia is categorical on this subject. After a careful study of the conditions in the two Japanese cities upon which atomic bombs were dropped, the intelligent and careful compilers of the report stated that, with the aid of advance precautions which were possible and not even extremely difficult, an enormous saving in human life could be effected and a considerable saving in property and goods. Unfortunately, when one tries to bring honest evidence such as this before the public, one is assailed by lunatics who accuse one of hiding the truth. Nobody can pretend that the atomic bomb is not terrifying and ghastly, but to admit so much is not to deny the possibility of self-preservation. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe's useful speech ought not to stand by itself. There is room for further educational work on the subject. Governments nowadays have few but unpleasant topics to talk about and must expect to be greeted by yawns sometimes. It remains their job to persevere.

A LARGE-SCALE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE EXERCISE.



DURING THE FOLKESTONE TEST OF THE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE WHICH CONCLUDED BY A LARGE FIRE SITUATION ASSUMED TO HAVE INVOLVED THE HARBOUR: TRAILER PUMPS IN ACTION.



WITH ARCS OF WATER FROM THE PUMPS VISIBLE IN THE BACKGROUND: HEAVY UNITS OF THE AUXILIARY FIRE SERVICE AT FOLKESTONE.

An Auxiliary Fire Service Tactical Exercise, involving the deployment of a mobile column of pump and ancillary vehicles representative of most of the fire brigades in the London region, and of Surrey, Middlesex, Essex and Kent A.F.S., took place on July 19-20. The objects were to provide practical experience in fire-fighting tactics, the movements of appliances in convoy, and the organisation of a reinforcing move by a mobile column, as well as the procedure at a reinforcement base. It was assumed that a heavy incendiary bomb raid had taken place on Dover, and that Fire Service contingents had been called in from Folkestone, and a column had been sent from London. On Sunday it was assumed that Folkestone had suffered a bomb raid, and the final stage of the exercise was a fire situation involving Folkestone Harbour. In discussing the question of Civil Defence on this page, Captain Cyril Falls refers to the Home Secretary's statement in regard to Auxiliary Fire Forces. He said that though they were now organised and trained by the local authorities, in the event of war they would have to be, as before, put upon a national basis.

recall and not doing some analogous form of whole-time service, would be eligible for part-time service in the more active branches of civil defence. Men over thirty, not likely to be needed in the armed forces in the early stages of an emergency, would be eligible for any part-time service. Women between eighteen and thirty would be given a wider choice of function. About one million more men would, he considered, become eligible under this arrangement.

If there is to be any hope of the recruiting campaign, which it is proposed to launch later this year, yielding satisfactory results, it will have to be well organised. A committee is to be appointed to advise the departments on this matter. Mr. William Mabane, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Home Security during the war, will preside over it. The Home Secretary said that he was not going to give

THE debate which took place in the House of Commons on July 18 affords evidence of the uncertainty and perplexity of the country about civil defence. Anxiety was expressed about the extent of the progress made in preparation for it, and particularly about that of recruiting. Some of the arguments had been heard before, during the war and when the country was actually under attack from the air. Whatever the views and responsibilities of the speakers, they recognised that the United Kingdom—for Northern Ireland must certainly be included owing to the value of its shipbuilding and engineering, and still more its strategic position as an Atlantic outpost—was particularly vulnerable to air attack. At the same time, it is extremely valuable from the point of view of the general conduct of a Continental war. Its defence, and survival, concern the safety of the people of the British Isles and, at the same time, the ability of Britain and her allies to carry on war effectively. The United Kingdom is the home of a generally dense population and also a base, highly important on the one hand, gravely threatened on the other.

The attitude of the people is not one of despair, but neither is it actively hopeful. A large number still appear to doubt the efficacy of measures of civil defence against weapons more powerful than those which were directed against Germany in the last war, and far more powerful than any which they themselves had to face in the course of that struggle. Others feel that the danger has become less acute, just because any danger long impending seems gradually to become so. Another section takes the line that it will be ready to do its duty if the emergency arises, but that it does not propose to burden itself with training in its leisure hours at present. Many refuse to think about the subject at all. It is, they say, a matter for the Government. The Government itself does not desire to alarm and unsettle the country unduly. It would indeed be a mistake to brood upon it. The week's work, and the relaxation of the evening and the week-end and the holiday must go on. Working civilians cannot and ought not to be expected to live in an atmosphere such as that surrounding the professional members of the armed forces, who can take their problems calmly because these belong to their professional duties, though they have family anxieties like the rest.

If we look back to the war we find that only direct attack taught the lessons which had to be learnt. Attack on one city taught another only to a limited extent. I think it fair to say that in no case until a city had come under attack did the civil organisation for dealing with it reach its highest efficiency, or the citizens realise fully what they had to face and what they could do. To-day, while "conventional" air attack would be heavier, the factor of the atomic weapon alters the situation radically. It is often asked whether the citizen can hope to play a part in meeting this menace comparable to that which he played in meeting that of the explosives, the incendiaries, the long-range "V" weapons of the Second World War. In the debate, the Home Secretary, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, gave an answer to this question, guarded but still more comprehensive than any hitherto vouchsafed. What was still more important, he gave an outline of the Government's proposals for the future. He pointed out that in time of peace this country could not maintain a standing civil defence army, that is, we could not afford to expend an effort such as would be inevitable if a great war seemed to be imminent. He might have added that to do so might be to the advantage of a hostile power, because this would wear us out in advance. The problem is not unlike that on the military side. There we cannot afford to live on anything like a war footing; we cannot make a crisis "on spec." He said what had been said before, that the atomic bomb did not make civil defence useless. At the same time he made no pretence that the potentiality of this deadly weapon could be underrated. It was not possible to provide full protection in the area below the burst, but, at a cost comparable with that of shelters in the last war, it would be possible to provide protection against the various effects in an area half to three-quarters of a mile from the point of burst. In addition to the civil defence corps recruited and organised by the local authorities, there would be mobile forces on a regional basis, for which the Government would be responsible. In order to ensure that such columns should be quickly organised in war, he was establishing an experimental column as a prototype.

The auxiliary fire forces were now organised and trained by the local authorities, but fire services

INDIANS OF THE MATO GROSSO IN A DANCE NO WHITE MAN HAD EVER SEEN.



A SIGHT NEVER WITNESSED (OR PHOTOGRAPHED) BEFORE BY THE WHITE MAN: THE RING-DANCE OF THE WOMEN AMONG THE CAIAPÓ INDIANS OF THE XINGU RIVER, IN THE DEPTHS OF BRAZIL'S MATO GROSSO.



AN ENCHANTING PICTURE OF YOUNG AND DELIGHTED MOTHERHOOD: A YOUNG WIFE OF THE CAIAPÓ INDIANS, WITH HER BABY BOY CRADLED ON HER KNEES.

ON pages 178 and 179 we describe the remarkable expedition of two Brazilians, Arlindo Silva, a journalist, and José Medeiros, a photographer, into what is thought of in England as the "Colonel Fawcett country," in Central Brazil. Here they were able to make what is believed to be the first successful pacific approach to the "Ghosts of the Xingu," the Caiapo Indians on the river of that name, in the Mato Grosso province. These two Brazilian explorers were received by the Caiapos in a friendly manner, and brought back a record of information and a series of unique photographs, some of which we are able to reproduce on these pages. Perhaps the most remarkable of those on this page is that of the ring-dance of the women. This was part of an entertainment given to the explorers the day before they left. Men and women took part,

[Continued below, left.]



A CAIAPÓ INDIAN WITH A RIFLE—A PRIZE FROM ONE OF THE TRIBE'S FREQUENT RAIDINGS ON WHITE SETTLEMENTS ON THE XINGU RIVER, IN CENTRAL BRAZIL.

Continued.]

and all painted their bodies and the men adorned their ears, neck, waist and head. The women dance in a circle—which has a superficial resemblance at least to the Appalachian running-set—and are arm-in-arm and side-by-side; and they sing, and beat out the rhythm with the right foot. They form several concentric circles, each composed of women of a distinct status—the unmarried, the married but childless, the married with one child and the married with more than one child. These last are considered the "old women." While the women dance

in this manner, stamping with a heavy tread, the men dance in a single line, carrying bows and arrows and with a swift, almost racing, step. They dance as well every afternoon a dance called the "U-ure" (the daily merry-song); and they have as well dances which express their feelings about the manioc root, the ant-bear, the wild pig, the fish and many other animals. Their most important feast, however, is the Indian Corn Feast. This lasts several days and at the end all are supposed to meet in what is called "a general fraternisation of love."



A YOUNG CAIAPÓ MOTHER WITH HER BABY SON. THE MOTHER'S FACE IS PAINTED AND THE LOBES OF THE CHILD'S EARS ARE PIERCED IN INFANCY AND GRADUALLY DISTENDED WITH CIGAR-SHAPED PIECES OF WOOD.

ON these pages and on page 177 we show some remarkable photographs, which are believed to be unique and which were taken during the course of what is thought to be the first visit successfully paid by white men to a savage and little-known tribe of Indians on the Xingu River, in Brazil's Mato Grosso. This journey was recently undertaken by two Brazilians, a journalist called Arlindo Silva and his photographer companion, José Medeiros, who, against advice, determined to attempt to visit these Caiapo Indians. Their journey lasted for ten days through very difficult conditions and they had with them three Caiapos, who had been living in a more-or-less civilised village. It is probably owing to this last fact that they survived their entry into Caiapo country, for when eventually they reached a Caiapo village on the banks of

(Continued opposite.)



A "KUBENKRAGEN" WITH HIS "KOKAKO": A YOUNG CAIAPÓ WITH HIS HEAD SHAVEN AND SCALP PAINTED AND HIS UNDERLIP FANTASTICALLY DISTORTED.

Continued. was marked in red lines, the colours being made from the juices of plants. Before long, a body of some 200 warriors collected, armed with bows, arrows, carbines and rifles, these latter being booty from raids on civilised settlements. The journalists were then taken to the village proper, which consisted of tall, rectangular, daubed houses with palm-leaf roofs. There were about twenty-two houses with, in the centre, a taller one, the "Ngobi" or hall of the warriors. A house was placed at the disposal of the white men and, although there was great curiosity

NEVER BEFORE VISITED AND PHOTOGRAPHED WOMEN OF BRAZIL'S MATO GROSSO JUNGLES—



A CAIAPÓ WARRIOR ATTIRED IN FULL FINERY FOR A NIGHT-FEAST. HE CARRIES ARROWS, HIS LOWER LIP IS DISTENDED WITH THE "KOKAKO," AND HE WEARS EARRINGS AND A FEATHER HEAD-DRESS.



THE CHARACTERISTIC "TERROR OF THE MATO GROSSO JUNGLE": A YOUNG CAIAPÓ MALE, PHOTOGRAPHED TO SHOW THE FULL EXTENT OF THE "KOKAKO," THE CIRCULAR WOODEN LIP-PLATE.

about their belongings, the Indians made no attempt to steal anything. The visitors were always men, the Indian women being busy about their homes, children and plantations. The bodies of the men were painted black all over but the women were painted in checkered designs, especially on their shaved heads, faces and thighs, the children's bodies, too, being finely checkered. In infancy the boy babies have their ears and lower lips pierced and pieces of wood are inserted, these pieces being replaced by larger and larger pieces, until the ears

BY WHITE MEN: SAVAGE CAIAPÓ MEN AND IN A SERIES OF UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS.



A BEAUTY OF THE XINGU RIVER. A YOUNG CAIAPÓ MOTHER OF STRIKING APPEARANCE, WITH FACE AND BODY PAINTED, AND (ODDLY ENOUGH) A "KIRIBIRIP" HOLDING BACK HER HAIR.



OKETE, THE MOST POWERFUL CHIEF OF THE CAIAPÓ VILLAGE, THE FIRST VISITED BY WHITE MEN. HIS "KOKAKO" IS SMALLER THAN MOST AND HE WEARS AN EAR-PLUG IN THE LEFT EAR.

are adapted for ear-plugs and the lip for the "kokako." Near the hall of the warriors, on a high pole, was an astonishing symbol—a rough model of a two-engined aircraft. Later the explorers discovered that a commercial aircraft passed over this area of jungle periodically and its passing had become a feature of the life of this remote and savage tribe. The journalists were able to record some of the Caiapo marriage customs and their dances, and a party was arranged for the day before their departure. The white men distributed presents of axes, knives,



A NEWLY-MARRIED CAIAPÓ GIRL. HER HEAD IS SHAVEN FAR BACK AND THE SCALP PAINTED WITH A PATTERN. HER CHEEKS ALSO ARE PAINTED AND SHE WEARS AN ELABORATE NECKLACE OF BEADS.

Continued.

a small river, they were met by Caiapo women in tears. One of the "civilised" Indians explained that they were weeping for joy at the return of their fellow-tribesmen and, a little later, some well-armed Caiapo warriors appeared, and these too wept copiously for joy and so the two journalists were assured of a friendly welcome. The Caiapos appeared to be divided into six groups: chikris, dioras, gorotres, criatres, kubenkraken and kubenkrontis. The first to appear were the "kubenkraken," which means "head-shaved," and all, men, women and children, had the fore-part of the head shaved, with long hair falling down on either side to the shoulders, while the men carried in their strained and pierced lower lips "kokakos," large circular wooden plates, some as large as a saucer. Their bodies were painted black, except for the face, which

(Continued below, left)



PREPARED FOR THE DANCE, A CONSTANT FEATURE OF CAIAPÓ LIFE: A YOUNG CAIAPÓ GIRL, ADORNED WITH NECKLACES AND HER FACE PAINTED IN ELABORATE PATTERNS.

mirrors, hooks, thread and the like, and in return the Caiapos gave them feather garlands, arrows, bows and necklaces made of ant-bear teeth. Before their departure they learnt that in 1935 three British Protestant missionaries, known as "the three Fredericks," had reached the village in a motor-boat but had been immediately slaughtered on the outskirts. Some fragments of their boat were brought back by Senhores Silva and Medeiros, whose claim to be the first white men to have visited the Caiapos and return alive may well be true.



BRITAIN'S NEW ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPON: A GUIDED MISSILE WHICH CAN TRAVEL AT 2000 M.P.H., RISE TO HEIGHTS GREATER THAN ANY BOMBER CAN REACH, AND OUT-MANŒUVRE ITS VICTIM.

On July 26 Mr. Sandys, Minister of Supply, and Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Secretary of State for Air, saw firing trials of guided rockets at the Ministry of Supply Experimental Station at Aberporth, Cardiganshire. Our photograph shows one of these remarkable new British weapons a moment after launching. The initial "boost motors" are attached to the rear and fall off after the missile

has reached its cruising speed. The Minister of Supply was not able, for security reasons, to give the exact performance of these guided rockets, but "they can travel at well over 2000 m.p.h., and can rise to heights far greater than any bomber is likely to reach for many years to come. These rockets can be steered, or, better still, can steer themselves through the air with great accuracy . . . they can

twist and turn with four or five times the manoeuvrability of a fighter aircraft." He explained that the basic research has been done by Government establishments, but that selected firms have developed specific rockets, and that almost every branch of industry—aviation, engineering, electronics, chemistry, plastics and explosives—is playing its part in what Mr. Sandys called the new industry—the

guided rocket industry. Since 1945 many guided missiles have been fired from our coasts. The first British radio-controlled rocket completed flight trials off Aberporth in 1947, after having been under development in secret for 18 months, and in April of that year a controller on the ground could exercise full flight control and pass the missile through a programme of aerial manoeuvre.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE MARRIAGE OF IRISES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



LAST summer, for the first time in my life, I tried my hand at crossing flag irises. I have done quite a lot of plant breeding in the

past, hybridising, crossing and selecting, but always among other families of plants, primulas, lewisias, saxifrages, campanulas, etc., but only once with irises, and never with the flag irises.

I made two distinct crosses. In each the seed parent was Iris "White City." The two pollen parents were "Golden Hind" and "Strathmore." "White City" is a tall and stately iris, with large, well-formed white flowers, flushed with a delicate wash of palest lavender blue. "Golden Hind" is a golden yellow; not one of the newest and most expensive varieties—its paltry price is reckoned in shillings—but a splendid thing nevertheless. "Strathmore" is one of Sir Cedric Morris's newer productions, still on what might be called the gold standard. It is an astonishing variety, in colour a warm apricot pink, with a fiery, orange-red beard. The seeds of both these crosses were sown last September, and a day or two ago the first seedling from the "Golden Hind" cross made its appearance. I was told recently, by an iris breeder of greater experience and success, that flag irises will often flower in their second year after the seed is sown. In view of their massive rhizomatous roots, I find this most difficult to believe. But I am trying hard and hoping dimly.

Anyway, I feel very sure that any iris-breeding specialist would tell me that from such crosses as these of mine—from such parentage—I must expect nothing but rubbish.

As though I cared! I made the crosses as the idle whim of the blissfully ignorant. There was, too, a certain amount of doubting curiosity about the enterprise. There is something so strangely improbable about the female reproductive arrangements of a flag iris, that I felt I must test with a little pollen. It was as I had been told. "White City" took to it like a duck to water. So even if the seedlings are worthless, I shall at least have added one "fact of life" in the iris world to my biological repertory.

On one point I intend to be quite firm with myself. None of the seedlings will be allowed to cumber the earth unless they are up to a reasonably high standard of pulchritude.

There are already far too many second-rate and indifferent varieties of flowers cumbering the earth, and what is almost worse, cumbering the nursery catalogues, with laboured descriptions, trying to make them distinct, and different from, and superior to, a dozen others, all of which are as alike as makes no odds. A "new" variety, if it is to be given a name, and a description, and be launched commercially on the gardening public, should be

not as simple as that. It is not a plain, straightforward process, like mixing paints—blue and yellow to get green, or red and yellow to produce orange. I have sometimes been given suggestions for producing truly wonderful plants by hybridising far-fetched parents—crosses as ingenious as that of the man who proposed

crossing a talking parrot with a carrier pigeon, so as to produce a bird which would take verbal messages. Plant breeding and hybridising are full of snags and disappointments. It often happens that crosses are made, with no results. Not a seed produced. Then, too, there are cases in which a cross is made between two distinct species, and good seeds are produced, but the resulting seedlings appear to have inherited nothing from the pollen parent. They resemble the seed parent in every way. When this happens, the natural impulse would be to discard the seedlings—unless one had been told otherwise. The better plan is to save seed from these disappointing seedlings, and sow them. It is in this second generation that the desired results and variations are likely to occur.

Friends have often said to me that they would never have the patience to go in for hybridising or plant breeding. Such a remark is very like the other one about fishing. "I should never have the patience to fish." Folk who say this must surely judge all fishing by the rows of anglers whose rods droop from the riverside quays in Paris. They, I must confess, never seem to raise their rods, except perhaps to put on a little more bait, or as a preliminary to knocking off for the day.

As to crossing and raising hybrid plants, any need for special patience is met if one has been doing it for any length of time, so that each year there are results coming along, either seeds just germinating, or others flowering for the first time. On the principle that "a watched kettle never boils," plant raising might require patience if one had only one batch of hybrid seedlings coming on, and if one were foolish enough to watch that as one's only horticultural interest, month after month, year after year. If one gardens fully, with hybridising and plant breeding as one sideline, no patience is needed; only more time than one ever has to attend to all that needs attention.



"WHITE CITY" IS A TALL AND STATELY IRIS, WITH LARGE, WELL-FORMED WHITE FLOWERS FLUSHED WITH A DELICATE WASH OF PALLEST LAVENDER BLUE.
"Last summer," writes Mr. Elliott, "for the first time in my life, I tried my hand at crossing flag irises. . . . I made two distinct crosses. In each the seed parent was Iris 'White City.' The two pollen parents were 'Golden Hind' and 'Strathmore.'"

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

something really new and distinct, and a real improvement on its fellows and its predecessors. But too often "new" varieties are new only in name. The temptation to see virtues, improvements and distinctions into his own seedlings is often too great for the raiser, with the result that he takes a chance on it, and, hoping for the best, launches a quite indifferent "novelty" with a fancy name and a lovely description, only to take its place amid a mob of others, all as like as a lot of sheep, babies or policemen.

The only other iris cross that I have made was between the two dwarf, early flowering, bulbous species, *Iris reticulata* and *Iris histrioides major*. I made the cross both ways, with *reticulata* seed, and *histrioides* pollen, parent, and *vice versa*, and got good seed from both crosses. With any luck these hybrids should flower next year. I have never seen progeny produced by these two iris parents, though a year or two ago somebody wrote and told me that he had great quantities of this particular hybrid flowering in his garden. Unfortunately, I lost the letter almost as soon as read, and so was unable to follow it up. It will be extremely interesting to see to what extent the hybrids inherit the characteristics of their parents. Will they combine the brilliant almost true blue of *histrioides* with the violet fragrance of *reticulata*? Unfortunately, one cannot rely upon hybrid seedlings inheriting all the virtues of both parents. It's



"GOLDEN HIND" IS A GOLDEN YELLOW; NOT ONE OF THE NEWEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE VARIETIES . . . BUT A SPLENDID THING NEVERTHELESS.
Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



"STRATHMORE" IS ONE OF SIR CEDRIC MORRIS'S NEWER PRODUCTIONS. . . . IT IS AN ASTONISHING VARIETY, IN COLOUR A WARM APRICOT PINK, WITH A FIERY, ORANGE-RED BEARD." [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]

A LIVING NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO THE IRON DUKE: WELLINGTON COLLEGE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A HALF-HOLIDAY AFTERNOON IN SUMMER AT WELLINGTON COLLEGE, WHICH IS SET IN 600 ACRES OF WOODLAND NEAR THE HANTS AND SURREY BORDER OF BERKSHIRE: A VIEW OF TURF, THE MAIN CRICKET-GROUND, AND (RIGHT) GRUBBY'S, THE SCHOOL SHOP, WHERE BOYS ARE ENJOYING ICES AND SOFT DRINKS.



WHERE BOYS CAN STUDY AND FROM WHICH THEY CAN BORROW BOOKS: THE LIBRARY. THE ORIGINAL GREAT SCHOOL (NOT SHOWN IN OUR DRAWINGS) IS NOW A READING-ROOM.

London now has the Wellington Museum (illustrated in our issue of July 26), where treasures and relics of the Iron Duke are permanently on view. Wellington College, Crowthorne, Berks, incorporated by Royal Charter in December, 1853, is a living national memorial to him. It was founded "for the purpose of providing gratuitous or nearly gratuitous education for the orphan children of Indigent and Meritorious Army officers"; but even before the College had been built, the scope



WHERE SPORTS EQUIPMENT, SCHOOL TIES, AND OTHER NEEDS OF THE BOYS CAN BE SUPPLIED: THE SCHOOL SHOP, SITUATED IN THE SAME BUILDING AS GRUBBY'S.

of its foundation was enlarged, and it became one of the great public schools. Captain Cyril Falls, in our last week's issue, referred to the part Wellington College plays in providing cadets for the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. In eleven "intakes" since the reopening of Sandhurst, Wellington stands easily first, with 246 entrants. Eton is second, with 184. On this page our Artist has illustrated some of the "off-duty" activities of Wellington boys.

BUILT BY A NOVEL METHOD OF CONSTRUCTION AT BIDEFORD:
THE ALL-ALUMINIUM 60-FT. MOTOR-YACHT TONQUIN.



THE LARGEST ALL-ALUMINIUM YACHT LAUNCHED IN THIS COUNTRY: A VIEW OF THE TONQUIN, BUILT AT BIDEFORD, DEVON, BY GRIMSTON ASTOR, LTD., BY MEANS OF THEIR 'TWO-WAY TENSION' SYSTEM OF CONSTRUCTION.



A VIEW OF THE BOWS OF THE 60-FT. MOTOR-YACHT TONQUIN: A 14-TON BOAT OF ALL-ALUMINIUM CONSTRUCTION.



A VIEW LOOKING AT THE FORE END OF THE FULLY-FRAMED SKIN WHICH IS READY FOR FLEXING ABOUT THE KNUCKLE JOINT AT THE KEEL TO FORM THE STEM.

RECENTLY the largest all-aluminium yacht yet launched in this country completed her trials on Southampton Water. She is the 14-ton *Tonquin*, built by Messrs. Grimston Astor, Ltd., of Bideford, Devon, and her superior speed and manœuvrability, combined with economy of running and maintenance costs demonstrate the

(Continued below, left.)



WITH THE GUNWALE AND PART OF THE LONGITUDINAL FRAMING ALREADY IN POSITION: A VIEW OF THE ALUMINIUM SHEETS FORMING HALF THE SHELL.

Continued.] advantages of the "two-way tension" system of construction in which the builders specialise. This method of construction employs the stressed-skin technique in a manner somewhat akin to that now commonly utilised in aircraft design. The light alloy sheets forming the skin of the yacht are shaped and joined in the flat state and the transverse members attached. The sides are then pulled up into shape, creating a condition whereby a springy resilience is imparted to the skin by reason of the acquired strain energy which is retained in the structure. The design of the hull is based on the survey vessel *Ain-al-Bahr* which the Company built last year to the order of the Pakistan Government for

(Continued opposite.)



THE TWO HALVES OF THE SHELL BEING BOLTED TOGETHER PREPARATORY TO RIVETING TO THE KEEL—THE SMALL ANGLES TAKE THE ENGINE BEARERS.

Continued.] river survey work. A great advantage of the "two-way tension" system is that a craft built for export can be crated in the flat state and assembled at its destination. *M.Y. Tonquin* has been fitted out to give the highest standard of finish and comfort and her accommodation comprises two double cabins, one single cabin, crew's quarters, wheelhouse, and saloon convertible for additional sleeping accommodation. The decks are planked in teak laid over aluminium and the vessel's light alloy construction ensures exceptionally low maintenance costs. Built to the order of Mr. John Astor, *Tonquin* will serve to introduce her novel method of construction to users of marine transport during visits to overseas ports.



ILLUSTRATING THE TWO-WAY TENSION SYSTEM OF CONSTRUCTION: THE FORWARD HALF OF THE YACHT BEING FLEXED INTO POSITION BY MEANS OF TACKLES.



THE LUXURIOUSLY APPOINTED SALOON ABOARD THE TONQUIN: A VIEW OF THE FORWARD END: SHOWING WRITING TABLE, CHART TABLE, D.F. SET AND SIDEBBOARD.

LINKING THE ÆOLIAN ISLANDS WITH THE CULTURE OF MINOAN CRETE AND THE HOMERIC LEGENDS:

NEW EXCAVATIONS IN THE ISLANDS OF LIPARI AND PANAREA.

By DR. L. BERNABO BREA, Superintendent of the Antiquities of Eastern Sicily.

RECENT archaeological exploration in the Æolian Islands has resulted in surprising discoveries, and in particular has brought to light hitherto unsuspected relations with the Ægean world. Operations have been in progress since 1946 under the charge of the Direction of Antiquities in Eastern Sicily and at the expense of the Ministry of Instruction and the Sicilian Regional Government. Numerous archaeological sites have been identified and tested, while more extensive excavations took place at two main sites: on the promontory of Milazzese, in the island of Panarea (Fig. 14), and on the acropolis of Lipari (Fig. 5). A third site, on Cap Graziano, in the island of Filicudi, looks no less promising and will be excavated in the near future.

The excavations on the acropolis of Lipari have had the most striking results. Here, below remains of the Mediæval, Roman and Greek cities, has been found a regularly stratified deposit of volcanic ash, over 7 metres deep. In it can be observed the remains of the cultures that followed one another on the island through the Iron, Bronze and New Stone Ages back, perhaps, to the very moment when men first arrived.

On the rock at the base of the deposit have been collected sherds of grey pottery, decorated before firing, such as characterise the oldest Neolithic culture known in Sicily (that of Stentinello). In the sequel this grey pottery is replaced by a fabric painted with flamboyant petals or stripes in red, outlined in black (Fig. 3), a ware very rare in Sicily but well known in Southern Italy, both on the Adriatic coast and in the Isle of Capri. With the painted ware is associated a black or brown pottery, often coarse, but sometimes beautifully polished and occasionally decorated with very fine incisions, executed after firing, or with stripes of red ochre. The head of a clay idol comes from the same levels.

The next layer, attributable to the final Neolithic, is characterised by painted pottery quite different from the foregoing, with much more complicated and sophisticated shapes and decoration (Fig. 4). Handles assume queer forms, like seal bezels or scrolls. The decorative patterns are based on the spiral and the meander. Little zigzags between thin straight lines in black constitute the favourite motif. This, too, is a fabric well known in Southern Italy, particularly in the village of Serra d'Alto (Matera), but represented in Sicily only by a few very rare fragments, certainly imported (at Paterno, Monte Pellegrino, etc.).

So at Lipari the New Stone Age seems to develop through three phases, in the first of which the islands were orientated towards Sicily, while in the second and third they were embraced in the cultural cycle of painted pottery, proper to Southern Italy and Ægean-Balkan in origin. But one must reserve for subsequent examination the possibility that the two first phases—that of Stentinello and that characterised by pottery painted with black-bordered red stripes—may have been at least partially contemporary; the presence of a few sherds painted in the latter style in the Stentinello village of Megara Hyblæa at least suggests such a contemporaneity.

With all three types of pottery is associated a very abundant stone industry, almost exclusively in obsidian. Flint is, in fact, very rare and represented almost always by specimens very carefully worked—in other words, objects which it was worthwhile importing from a distance. In reality the prosperity of the Æolian Islands in the New Stone Age was due above all to the exploitation of the deposits of obsidian available in Lipari. Two of the twelve volcanoes that make up this island, the Forgia Vecchia and Monte Pelato, have several times spouted streams of obsidian—some of which flowed right down to the sea. The islanders came in their boats to collect the raw material for a domestic industry practised in the numerous villages or in isolated steadings, and for an export trade which diffused regular blades and cores throughout the western basin of the Mediterranean. Almost everywhere in the islands are to be found, scattered on the fields, countless flakes bearing witness to this prehistoric industry.

On the acropolis of Lipari the Neolithic strata are overlaid by strata belonging to the first Bronze Age. The fine painted pottery has disappeared, giving place

to a coarse monochrome ware, grey or brown, with incised patterns (Fig. 7). The commonest shapes are keeled dishes, cups in the form of a truncated cone with a curious internal handle, and so on. The obsidian industry was still flourishing.

We have here a cultural assemblage still unknown in Sicily or Southern Italy. In these layers was found half a large oval house built of dry-stone, with an outer wall (Fig. 10). But one of the most striking results of the excavation was the discovery in the same layer of some sherds of Ægean pottery and an idol attributable to Late Minoan Ia, and consequently dated to the second half of the sixteenth century B.C. (Fig. 1). It seems to be Cretan pottery and resembles particularly that excavated by Evans from the well on the Gypsades Hill within the city of Knossos.

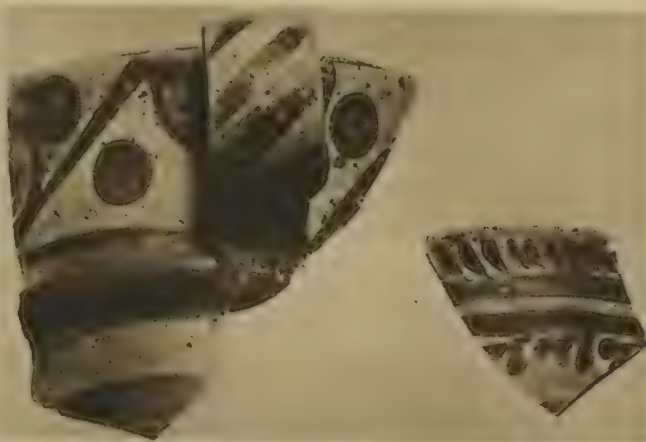


FIG. 1. FRAGMENTS WHICH PROVE THAT TRADE RELATIONS EXISTED BETWEEN MINOAN CRETE AND THE ÆOLIAN ISLANDS BETWEEN 1550 AND 1450 B.C.: SHERDS OF POTTERY OF THE LATE MINOAN I.A AGE DISCOVERED IN THE EARLIEST BRONZE AGE LEVELS OF THE ACROPOLIS OF LIPARI.

Ægean pottery had indeed been found previously in Sicily and even on the Tyrrhenian Sea (Ischia), but only products of mainland Greek factories and belonging to the late Helladic III. (fourteenth to thirteenth centuries B.C.). The new discovery not only reveals contacts between the Ægean world and the west as early as the sixteenth century, but suggests that even



FIG. 2. CHARACTERISTIC OF THE LATE BRONZE AGE OR "AUSONIAN" CULTURE OF THE ÆOLIAN ISLANDS: HANDLES IN THE FORM OF ANIMAL HORNS (AND SOMETIMES HEADS) WHICH HAVE BEEN BROKEN FROM POTTERY CUPS AND BOWLS.

in the west the political and commercial expansion of Mycenæ had been preceded by that of Crete, as Furumark has recently recognised to the east in Rhodes. To establish a relation between this expansion of Minoan commerce into the Tyrrhenian Sea, and the diffusion of the bell beaker would be an issue of crucial importance for the chronology of Western Europe.

Now vases quite similar to those found in the relevant strata at Lipari had been found in pit-cave tombs of Villafrati, near Palermo, from one of which came also a well-known specimen of the bell beaker. No doubt it would be premature to draw very definite conclusions from this conjunction, for we do not know how long the relevant ceramic style remained current locally, and we must never forget that the Villafrati graves are collective tombs which may have contained successive interments distributed over two or three generations. Nevertheless, the discrepancy in age could not be very great, and it is legitimate to

hope that continuation of the excavations at Lipari will throw further light on this issue that is so fundamental for Mediterranean pre-history.

The next epoch represented on the acropolis of Lipari bears a distinctly Sicilian stamp and corresponds to the villages and cemeteries round Syracuse. Remains of three oval huts were found here (Fig. 6), but a complete village of the same age was identified on the promontory of Milazzese, on Panarea (Fig. 9.) There twenty-three huts have already been completely excavated. All are oval but for one, which is rectangular. The oval huts are often situated in a quadrangular enclosure with rounded corners. Saddle querns were found in nearly all and some were partially paved. The village occupies the crest of a long, narrow, saddle-shaped promontory, raised above the sea on towering cliffs and linked to the island only by a narrow isthmus from which it slopes up steeply. It thus forms a natural fortress (Fig. 14).

The pottery of this phase can in a sense be regarded as a development of the foregoing as a result of the influence of the Ægean world and of the Appennine culture of peninsular Italy. Among characteristic shapes should be noted the bowl on a high, hollow pedestal and the bottle with big vertical handle (Fig. 11). The bowls are ornamented with ribs in relief, the bottles with incised or punctured chevrons. The stone industry has almost disappeared, and the use of bronze is attested by moulds for casting. In the village of Milazzese numerous sherds and two almost complete vases of Mycenæan pottery, belonging to the fourteenth century B.C., were recovered, comparable to those from Sicily and from Ischia (Fig. 13). But the most curious and unexpected fact is the presence on many of the native vases of signs, the majority of which can be paralleled in the Ægean linear scripts (Fig. 12). Seeing that it is a question merely of isolated signs, or at best pairs of signs, we cannot recognise here a genuine script, but rather mere potters' marks.

So between the sixteenth and fourteenth centuries B.C. the Æolian Isles appear to us as an important base for Minoan-Mycenæan trade in the Western Mediterranean. Perhaps an echo of these relations may be recognised in the Homeric legends of the Planctai and the Isles of Æolus. According to a legend transmitted by Diodorus Siculus, Liparus, son of Auson, King of the Ausonians (a people located on the coasts of Latium and Campania), having quarrelled with his brothers, at his father's death colonised the Æolian Islands with his subjects, giving his name to the largest of them. Æolus, coming to the court of Liparus, would have married his daughter Cyane, and thus become heir to the kingdom of the isles. His six children would have extended their domain to the coasts of Sicily and Calabria.

The excavations of Lipari have given unexpected confirmation to the historical content of this legend. For above the oval cabins of the Middle Bronze Age rises a deep stratum characterised by coarse vases of shapes completely different from those of the previous strata, but equally different from any Sicilian material (Fig. 8). On the contrary, they are closely related to the Late Bronze Age/Early Iron Age pottery of peninsular Italy, namely, that of the last two phases of the "Appennine" culture and the southern facies of the Villanovan. This culture, which we might reasonably call *Ausonian* in the Æolian Isles, develops with remarkable uniformity down to the establishment of the Greek colony on Lipari by the Cnidians in 580 B.C.

Still, one can distinguish two main phases in it. The first, strictly, late Appennine, is characterised by numerous projections from the handles of cups and bowls: buttons, scrolls, above all the horns—and quite often the fore-parts—of animals, spouted vases, etc. (Fig. 2.)

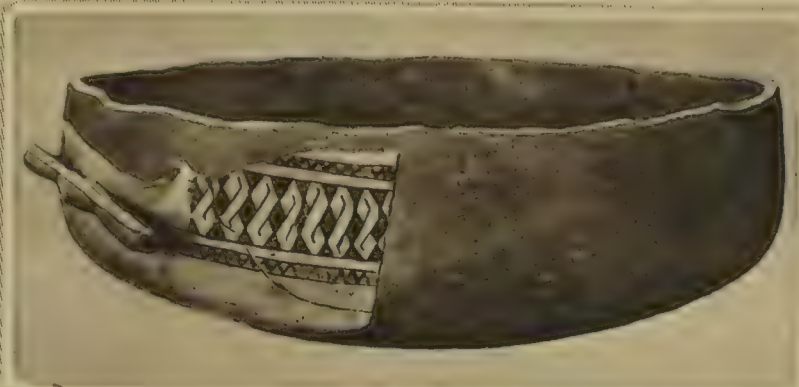
The second phase, while preserving several types of the foregoing, shows, in addition, others related to the peninsular cultures of the first Iron Age. A single oval hut of the latter phase has yielded above fifty complete vases, of all forms and sizes, some of which have certainly been imported from Sicily. Their close similarity to the pottery of the cemetery of Cassibile and the huts on the Athenaiion at Syracuse allow them to be dated roughly between 850-750 B.C., that is to say, just before the foundation of Syracuse.

When in 580 B.C. the Cnidians, returning from the unlucky expedition of Pentathlos at Lilybaeum, called at Lipari, they found the islands occupied by only 500 natives, who claimed to be descendants of King Æolus, and who invited them to join company with them and to defend them against Tyrrhenian piracy. So the isles by this time must have been in a state of complete decadence. Their material culture cannot have changed and their equipment must have been still that of their ancestors. But it is the arrival of the Greeks that put an end to this culture.

FROM STONE AGE TO CLASSICAL CULTURE:
EXCAVATING IN THE ÆOLIAN ISLANDS.



FIG. 3. THE FINE POTTERY OF THE MIDDLE NEOLITHIC AGE OF LIPARI: (LEFT) BLACK BURNISHED WARE; (CENTRE) A WARE PAINTED WITH RED PETALS OUTLINED IN BLACK; AND (RIGHT) DECORATED IN BLACK LINES IN WHAT IS CALLED THE CAPRI STYLE.

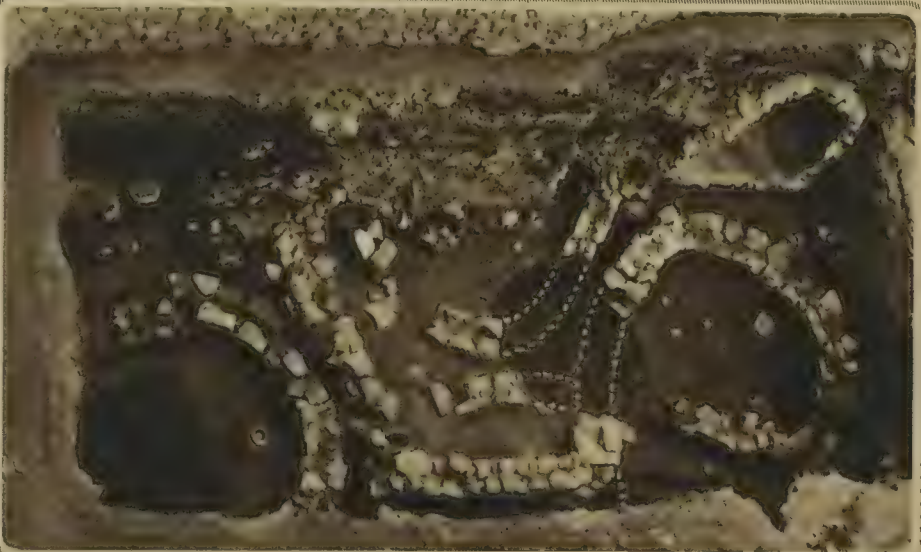


(ABOVE.) FIG. 4. PAINTED POTTERY OF THE LATE NEOLITHIC AGE IN LIPARI. IN THE MATERA STYLE, WITH A NEAT MOTIF BASED ON THE MEANDER OR SPIRAL AND EDGED, AS IS FREQUENTLY THE CASE, WITH A ZIGZAG.



(LEFT.) FIG. 5. THE CITADEL OF LIPARI, AN ENORMOUS ROCK RISING SHEER FROM THE SEA AND THE SITE OF THE PREHISTORIC, PROTHISTORIC AND SUBSEQUENT GREEK, ROMAN AND MEDIAEVAL TOWNSHIPS. THE FORTIFICATIONS, WHICH FORMED ITS LIMITS UNTIL THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, ARE SPANISH OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

ON page 185 Dr. L. Bernabo Brea, the Superintendent of the Antiquities of Eastern Sicily, writes of recent excavations made in the two Æolian Islands of Lipari and Panarea, just off the north coast of eastern Sicily. The excavations reveal a long series of occupations of the two sites, from Neolithic times to mediæval and modern times. The Neolithic prosperity of these islands depended on their richness in obsidian, that volcanic glass which made such excellent cutting tools; and to this age may be ascribed some excellent pottery in several types (Figs. 3 and 4). In the Bronze Age levels which follow in time was made perhaps the most remarkable discovery: some fragments of Minoan Cretan pottery of the Late Minoan I.A. age (1550-1450 B.C.) which go to show that there were contacts between the Ægean and the Western Mediterranean as early as the sixteenth century B.C. and that the political and commercial expansion of Mycenæ had been preceded by that of Crete. This trade expansion of Crete had not hitherto been proved. In later levels there are numerous fragments of evidence of contact with the Mycenæan culture; and in the period between the end of the Bronze Age and the Greek colonisation of the islands in 580 B.C. are some hints of historical support for the Homeric legends of the isles of Æolus and their colonisation by the Ausonians of Campania and Latium.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 6. REMAINS OF OVAL HUTS OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE DISCOVERED ON LIPARI, PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY CISTERNS OF ROMAN AND LATER DATE. POT-SHERDS WITH MINOAN-MYCENÆAN SCRIPT MARKINGS WERE DISCOVERED HERE.

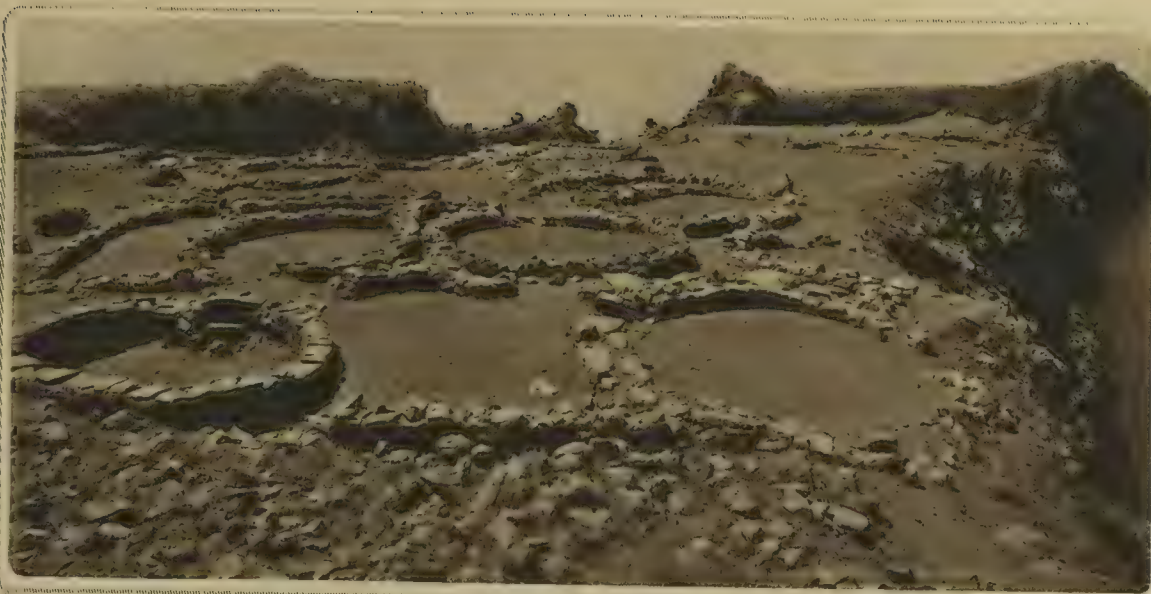


FIG. 7. HEAVY GREY INCISED POTS OF THE EARLY BRONZE AGE STRATUM AT LIPARI. PREVIOUSLY HARDLY EVER BEFORE DISCOVERED IN SICILY OR PENINSULAR ITALY, BUT COMPARABLE WITH THOSE FOUND IN THE VILAFRATI TOMBS.



(RIGHT.) FIG. 8. LIPARI POTTERY OF THE AGE BETWEEN THE END OF THE BRONZE AGE AND THE FOUNDING OF THE GREEK COLONY IN 580 B.C. THE UPPER PAIR ARE PENINSULAR IN TYPE, THE LOWER LEFT BEING PROBABLY AN IMPORTATION FROM SICILY.





(ABOVE.) FIG. 9. THE BRONZE AGE VILLAGE ON THE PROMONTORY OF MILAZZESE. THE HUTS ARE ALMOST ALWAYS OVAL, SOMETIMES SURROUNDED WITH A ROUNDED CORNER QUADRILATERAL (SECOND ROW, LEFT), WHILE ONE (BACKGROUND) IS SQUARED.

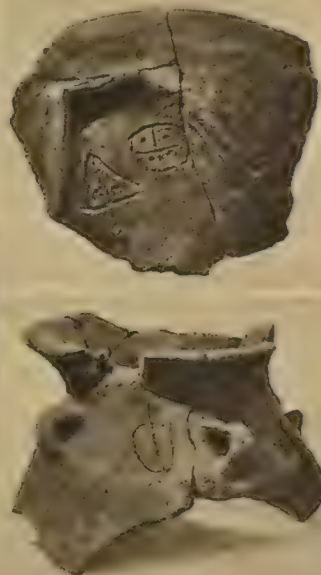
TO the ordinary reader with a classical rather than an archaeological background the civilisations of Greece and later Rome have been so crystallised by literature that they seem to spring into existence complete at all points, like Athens. The recent excavations, however, in the islands of Lipari and Panarea, described on page 185 by Dr. L. Bernabo Brea, show these remote islands, valuable sources of obsidian, gradually becoming influenced by successive alien cultures, Minoan, Mycenaean, Ausonian (a word which links them with Homeric and Virgilian legend)—until in 580 B.C. the Cnidians colonise Lipari and history in its strictest sense begins.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 10. AN OVAL HUT WITH AN OUTER WALL, OF THE FIRST ÆOLIAN BRONZE AGE (ABOUT 1500 B.C.) ON THE ISLAND OF LIPARI. THE MINOAN POTTERY SHOWN IN FIG. 1 WAS FOUND IN THIS SITE.



(R.) FIG. 12. ON THE LOCAL POTTERY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. (LEFT AND UPPER RIGHT FROM LIPARI, LOWER RIGHT FROM PANAREA) ARE FOUND INCISED POTTERS' SIGNS CORRESPONDING TO MINOAN-MYCENAEAN LINEAR SCRIPT.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 11. POTTERIES TYPICAL OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE IN THE ÆOLIAN ISLANDS. THE TWO ABOVE WERE FOUND IN LIPARI, THE LOWER PAIR (WITH HIGH HOLLOW PEDISTAL) IN PANAREA. ALL ARE LIKE EASTERN SICILIAN TYPES.



FIG. 13. TWO FRAGMENTS OF THE MYCENAEAN POTTERY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C. WHICH WERE FOUND IN HUTS OF THE VILLAGE FOUNDED ON THE PROMONTORY OF MILAZZESE, IN THE ISLAND OF PANAREA.

(RIGHT.) FIG. 14. THE PROMONTORY OF MILAZZESE ON THE ISLAND OF PANAREA IS A NATURAL FORTRESS AND IS THE SITE OF THE BRONZE AGE VILLAGE (FOURTEENTH-THIRTEENTH CENTURIES B.C.) WHICH IS PERHAPS THE BEST-PRESERVED PREHISTORIC VILLAGE IN ITALY.



EXCAVATIONS ON LIPARI
AND PANAREA:
OBSIDIAN-CHIPPERS, MINOAN
AND MYCENAEAN TRADERS,
HEROES OF HOMERIC LEGEND,
AND COLONISTS FROM
CNIDOS LINKED IN
A THOUSAND YEARS OF
ÆOLIAN CIVILISATIONS.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE chiru lives in one of the bleakest regions of the world, on the open Tibetan plains, from 12,000 to 18,000 ft. above sea-level, where the wind is so fierce in winter that snow seldom settles. Against these rigorous conditions, the sheep-like chiru, standing no more than 33 ins. at the shoulder, has two main protections, its coat and its habit of digging slit-trenches. The coat, fawnish-white in colour, is composed of fine, intertwined hair, and has been described as looking very like an eiderdown. The males carry a pair of slender, upright horns, ridged on the front, and almost as high as the shoulder-height of the beast itself, the record for the horns being 27½ ins. When the chiru has scraped himself a trough in the ground, seeking shelter against the bitter wind, the horns are often the only sign of his presence. In summer, the thick, fleecy coat is shed, pushed out by the new coat growing underneath. In addition to the woolly coat, the long horns of the male, and its habit of semi-burrowing for shelter, there is a fourth feature which has attracted attention, its swollen snout.

Most text-books ignore the chiru, or give it little more than passing mention, which indicates not only that it is little known, but that such knowledge as we have of it is difficult to deal with. When it is mentioned, attention is always drawn to the large nostrils leading into capacious nasal cavities, and the usual explanation is that this enables the animal to live at high altitudes and to use the rarefied air. This is very much a shot in the dark, since so little is known of the beast's habits and almost less about its anatomy. The effectiveness of this speculation is somewhat offset by the fact that a related species, the sheep-like saiga, living at much lower altitudes, on the steppes from the Don to the Chinese frontier, has a very much more puffed snout and more enlarged nasal cavities. Any hypothesis is likely, therefore, to have little value without more information than we possess at present. On the other hand, the shape of the snout and the structure of the nasal region of the skull have an interest in deciding the true relationships of these two unusual ungulates.

The scientific name of the chiru is *Pantholops hodgsoni*. The word antelope is probably a corruption of the Coptic word *Pantholops*, which was originally the name given to the mythical unicorn. The first name to be bestowed on the chiru, by Abel in 1826, was *Antelope hodgsoni*, which was later changed, in 1834, to *Pantholops hodgsoni*, and the animal has always been classified as an antelope, in spite of its sheep-like appearance. In their recent *Check-list of Palearctic and Indian Mammals*, Ellerman and Morrison-Scott have placed it in the sub-family

THE PROBLEMATIC CHIRU.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

is independent of the size of the nasal bones. When we turn to the various wild and domesticated goats, there is sometimes a slight appearance of the puffiness, never so marked as in the sheep, but the nasal bones, on the other hand, are much smaller and show

giving the more or less puffed appearance to the face, and a tendency to a reduction in the nasal bones. The first is most marked in sheep, the second most marked in goats. Arguing from this, it seems a logical conclusion that both these features have reached an extreme in the chiru and the saiga. It also strongly suggests that Ellerman and Morrison-Scott are correct in classifying them with sheep and goats instead of following current practice and placing them among the antelopes. Once this relationship is accepted, we can more readily place in perspective the meaning, even though we can no better guess the function, of these markedly enlarged cavities.

It is a common feature of highly specialised animals that they tend to occupy a habitat which removes them from severe competition. Or perhaps we should say that they can only survive when occupying an environment which is without that competition: otherwise they become extinct. The saiga had such a place on the Russian steppes until man interfered. Its horns were, however, believed to have a medicinal value, when powdered, and a single pair of horns used to realise up to £50 in China. The result was a merciless persecution, and the herds, at one time thousands strong, were soon severely thinned out, until Government protection saved the saiga, probably just in time, from extinction. The chiru, at the much higher and greatly more inhospitable altitudes, had little to fear from this danger.

It is possible, therefore, that the enlarged nasal cavity and reduction in the nasal bones have little to do with rarefied air or any other feature of the environment. Rather that they result from an evolutionary trend in a characteristic feature of sheep and goats as a whole, which reaches its highest and least advantageous expression in two aberrant members of the sub-family. So far as the chiru is concerned, moreover, it is the thick, woolly coat and the trick of digging a protective scrape to lie in that ensure survival. The enlarged nostrils probably do not affect it one way or the other.

It is very easy to misinterpret when the vision is restricted to a single species, or even two, as in this case, and especially where the subject is wrongly classified. If, as in the case of the chiru and saiga, we forget about antelopes, and, having done so, embark on an examination of a wide range of different kinds of sheep and goats, especially if we can also examine their skulls, the "bottle nose" is seen as a family trait. But, although many species of goat and sheep have a penchant for heights, remarkably few live in rarefied atmospheres.

Then, if we push our studies wider, we come to the even more interesting fact that this same feature



SHOWING THE SHEEP-LIKE FLEECE, ANTELOPE-TYPE HORNS AND THE PUFFY SNOUT WHICH HAS LED TO SPECULATION ON THE FUNCTION OF THE ENLARGED NASAL CAVITY ENCLOSED BY IT: A DRAWING OF THE HEAD OF A CHIRU, WHICH LIVES ON THE OPEN TIBETAN PLAINS, FROM 12,000 FT. TO 18,000 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.



FOR COMPARISON AND SEEN FROM THE SIDE TO SHOW REDUCTION IN SIZE OF THE NASAL BONES AND INCREASE IN THE SIZE OF THE NASAL CAVITY—THIS LAST CAN BE GAUGED FROM THE PROFILE, INDICATED BY THE CONTINUOUS WHITE LINE: THE SKULLS OF (FROM L. TO R.) AN IMPALA (A TRUE ANTELOPE); A CHIRU; AND A SAIGA.

Photographs by Neave Parker. Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

Caprinae of the family Bovidae. In other words, they have recognised its affinity with the sheep and the goats.

Examination of the skull of the chiru shows that the very large nasal cavities are linked with a severe reduction in the size of the nasal bones that, in a more typical ungulate skull, roof over them. This puffiness of the snout is a commonly recurring feature of sheep and especially of the domestic breeds. It is particularly marked in the fat-tailed sheep, in the fat-rumped and in the Barwal sheep. In all sheep, moreover, there is a tendency for the nasal bones to be reduced in size, and this reduction is more pronounced in some breeds than others. What is more to the point, there seems to be little correlation between the puffiness of the snout and the reduction in the size of the nasal bones. In other words, it seems very likely that the variation in the size and puffy appearance of the snout

a more marked degeneration, taken as a whole, than those of sheep.

If we can draw any conclusions from these observations, it is that sheep and goats have these two things in common: a tendency to enlarged nasal cavities,

has arisen independently in another hoofed animal, the elk or moose, living in the low-lying marshlands. Correlated with the enormous development of its fore-face, the nasal bones are reduced very much as in the chiru. In fact, the relation between the shape

of its snout, size of nostrils and the relevant bones and those of the chiru is so similar as to be almost identical. Going further afield, the tapir, classified with the horses and rhinoceroses, and therefore quite distantly related, has a profile strongly recalling that of the saiga. Moreover, the nasal bones are significantly so very like those of the saiga, in position, size and shape, as to be called almost identical. It looks very much, therefore, as if the tendency to grow "bottle noses" is due to a genetical drift or evolutionary trend, or what you will, and that if such noses have any practical value it is accidental.

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ROYAL AND OFFICIAL OCCASIONS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



IN HELSINKI TO ATTEND THE OLYMPIC GAMES: T.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND THE DUKE OF KENT WITH PRESIDENT PAASIKIVI EXAMINING OLYMPIC AWARDS.

The Duke of Kent arrived in Helsinki by air on July 25 and on the following day joined the Duke of Edinburgh, who had arrived that morning in the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*. Together they drove to the Palace to call on President Paasikivi and went with him out on to a balcony, where they acknowledged the cheers of a large crowd. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses watched the events at the Olympic Stadium, and on July 27 they visited Otaniemi, where the Duke of Edinburgh unveiled a memorial to Professor Nicholas Ignatiev.



CHATTING TO MARJORIE JACKSON AND SHIRLEY STRICKLAND OF THE AUSTRALIAN OLYMPIC TEAM: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON HIS VISIT TO THE NURSES' INSTITUTE, HELSINKI, WHICH HOUSES THE OLYMPIC WOMEN ATHLETES, WHERE HE HAD A GREAT RECEPTION.



PRESENTING COLOURS TO THE 10TH (COUNTY OF LONDON) BATTALION, THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT, T.A.: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALAN BROOKE.

On July 27 Field Marshal Lord Alan Brooke presented Colours to the 10th Bn. The Parachute Regiment, T.A., in the Tower of London. The Colours were consecrated by Canon V. J. Pike, Chaplain-General to the Forces, at a drumhead service.



INAUGURATING NEW H.Q. FOR THE ALLIED AIR FORCES, CENTRAL EUROPE: M. PLEVEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU. On July 20 M. Pleven, French Minister of Defence, inaugurated the new headquarters of Allied Air Forces, Central Europe, at Fontainebleau, in the presence of Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, representing General Ridgway, General Gruenther, Marshal Juin, and other senior officers.



PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S COLOUR TO THE R.A.F. NO. 1 SCHOOL OF TECHNICAL TRAINING: H.M. THE QUEEN.

On July 25 H.M. the Queen visited the R.A.F. No. 1 School of Technical Training at Halton, Bucks, and presented the Queen's Colour, which was consecrated by Canon L. Wright, Chaplain-in-Chief of the R.A.F. After the presentation, the parade advanced in review order and her Majesty took the salute.



AT THE ANNUAL INSPECTION OF THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL, WOKING: FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALAN BROOKE. The 67th annual inspection of the Gordon Boys' School, Woking, was carried out on July 19 by Field Marshal Lord Alan Brooke, who is seen in our photograph chatting to the sixteen-year-old drum major on the parade ground. The school was founded as a memorial to General Gordon.



ARRIVING AT 10, DOWNING STREET TO MEET A T.U.C. DELEGATION: THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. CHURCHILL. On July 24 the Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, met members of the Trades Union Congress economic committee at No. 10, Downing Street, to discuss the action of the Minister of Labour in referring back the pay increase proposals of twelve wages councils, affecting over a million workers in the distributive and allied trades.



AT THEIR OFFICIAL RECEPTION IN GREENLAND: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK.

The King and Queen of Denmark opened their Royal tour of Greenland at Godthaab on July 12. At the official reception Queen Ingrid wore the national costume with long, embroidered sealskin boots, and King Frederik wore the full-dress uniform of a Danish Admiral.

THE XV OLYMPIAD IN FINLAND: WINNERS OF TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS

IN THE FIRST WEEK, WHEN MANY NEW OLYMPIC RECORDS WERE SET UP.



THE FINISH OF THE 100 METRES: (L. TO R.) E. McDONALD BAILEY (G.B.), THIRD, F. D. SMITH (U.S.A.), FOURTH, L. REMIGINO (U.S.A.), FIRST, H. MCKENLEY (JAMAICA), SECOND.



BRITAIN'S ONLY SILVER MEDALLIST: SHEILA LEWELL (RIGHT), SECOND IN THE HIGH JUMP (WOMEN), WITH E. BRANDT (SOUTH AFRICA; CENTRE), FIRST, AND A. CHUDINA (U.S.S.R.; LEFT), THIRD.



THE FINAL OF THE 400-METRE EVENT: GEORGE RHODEN (JAMAICA) WITH H. MCKENLEY (JAMAICA; RIGHT), SECOND, G. MATSON (U.S.A.) WAS THIRD.



THE FINISH OF THE 800 METRES: M. G. WHITFIELD (U.S.A.) (NO. 986) WITH A. S. WINT (JAMAICA), SECOND, AND H. NIELSEN (DENMARK), FOURTH.



THE WINNER OF THE JAVELIN THROWING: C. YOUNG (U.S.A.), WHO SET UP A NEW OLYMPIC RECORD WITH A THROW OF 242 FT. 1/4 IN., SHOWN IN ACTION.



WINNER OF THE 400 METRES (HURDLES): CHARLES H. MOORE, JR. (U.S.A.), TAKING THE LAST HURDLE TO WIN HEAT 2. J. LITVEY (U.S.S.R.) WAS SECOND IN THE FINAL.



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S JAVELIN THROWING: D. ZATOPKOVA (CZECHOSLOVAKIA), WIFE OF EMIL ZATOPKEK, THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER, WHO WON THREE GOLD MEDALS.



WINNER AND RUNNERS-UP IN THE 50 METRES HURDLES (WOMEN): S. STRICKLAND (AUSTRALIA; CENTRE), FIRST, M. GOLUBICHNAJA (U.S.S.R.; RIGHT), SECOND, AND M. SANDER (GERMANY; LEFT), THIRD.



WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP OF THE 3000-METRE STEEPCHASE: H. ASHENFELTER (U.S.; CENTRE), FIRST, WITH (LEFT) V. KAZANTSEV (U.S.S.R.); SECOND, AND J. DISLEY (G.B.), THIRD.

The standard in the track and field events in the Games at the XV Olympiad which was completed on July 27 at Helsinki was outstanding, and indeed, has been described as "ever-soaring". Not only were many impressive new records set up, but achievements, won three Gold Medals by winning the 5000- and 10,000-metre events, as well as the Marathon. No other long-distance runner has been victorious in these three contests since the modern Olympic Games were instituted in 1896. His time of 2 hrs. 23 mins. 3.2 secs. set up a new Olympic Marathon record, and he achieved

this so easily that he smiled and joked with cyclists as he ran the last few miles. When he ran on to the track he was received with deafening applause and unstinted enthusiasm. The United States were the champion athletes of the Games, as they carried off fifteen Gold Medals. Czechoslovakia was second with four. Australia won three, Jamaica two, and South Africa and New Zealand were among the nations to capture one of the Gold Trophies each. Great Britain was raised from the Bronze standard by Mrs. Sheila Lewell, aged thirty-two, who won a Silver Medal for second place in the Women's High Jump. The Decathlon, that grueling



WOMEN'S FENCING TEAM IN THE TEAM COMPETITION: THE HUNGARIAN TEAM (CENTRE), WHO WERE THE WINNERS; WITH SWEDEN, WHO WERE SECOND, AND FINLAND, THIRD.



THE AMAZING CZECH WHO FOLLOWED HIS VICTORIES IN THE 5000- AND 10,000-METRE RACES BY WINNING THE OLYMPIC MARATHON: EMIL ZATOPKEK, WHO WON THREE LONG-DISTANCE GOLD MEDALS AND IS NOW ACCLAIMED THE GREATEST LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER OF ALL TIME.



THE TWENTY-ONE-YEAR-OLD BOY FROM THE U.S. WHO RETAINED THE OLYMPIC DEATHBLOW TITLE: HE FIRST WON IN 1948: BOB MATIAS SET UP DURING THE PUTTING THE SHOT EVENT.



THE WINNER OF THE THROWING THE DISCUS EVENT: NINA ROMASCHKOVA, OF THE U.S.S.R., WHOSE DISTANCE OF 165 FT. 8 1/2 INS. SET UP A NEW OLYMPIC RECORD.



THE GIRL WHO WON TWO GOLD MEDALS FOR AUSTRALIA: MARJORIE JACKSON, VICTOR IN THE 100 METRES AND IN THE 200 METRES. IN THE LATTER SHE SET UP AN OLYMPIC RECORD.



CREATING A NEW WORLD AND OLYMPIC RECORD: G. THIRIA, OF THE U.S.S.R., WINNING THE PUTTING THE SHOT EVENT WITH A DISTANCE OF 50 FT. 1 1/2 INS.



"BUNCHED" AFTER WINNING THE FINAL OF THE ROWING EIGHTS: THE UNITED STATES NAVY CREW WHO WON BY ABOUT A LENGTH AND A QUARTER FROM RUSSIA IN 6 MINS. 25.9 SECS. AUSTRALIA WAS THIRD AND WON A BRONZE MEDAL.



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S LONG JUMP IN WHICH SHE ESTABLISHED A NEW OLYMPIC RECORD: MISS Y. WILLIAMS OF NEW ZEALAND (CENTRE), WITH A. CHUDINA (U.S.S.R.) AND MISS S. CRAWLEY (GREAT BRITAIN), WHO WERE SECOND AND THIRD RESPECTIVELY.

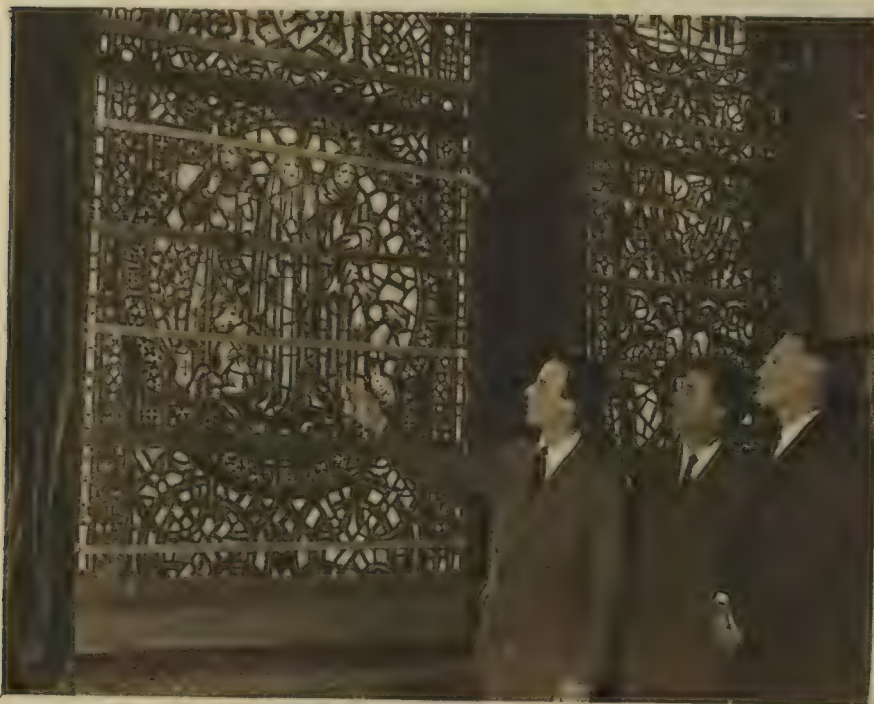
ten-event contest, which, as usual, extended over two days and was finished almost in the dark, was won by R. Mathias, twenty-one-year-old United States athlete. British hopes came near to fulfilment on several occasions, but good though our athletes are, they are not good enough for the ever-rising standards of Continental and American athletics. The keenly-awaited 3000-metre steeplechase final, run on July 25, resulted in a victory for the U.S. with H. Ashenfelter's new Olympic record time of 8 mins. 45.4 secs. The Russian Kazantsev was second with 8 mins. 51.6 secs., and our J. Disley—who, it seems, was beaten into third place rather than second through an error of

judgment rather than by the pace—was a Bronze Medallist with 8 mins. 51.8 secs. The other British Bronze Medallists were E. McDonald Bailey, Men's 100 metres; Shirley Cawley, Women's Long Jump; and Sylvia Chenneman, June Foulds, Jean Desforges and Heather Armitage, in the Women's 4 x 100 metres relay. Australia's three Gold Medals were won by Marjorie Jackson, victor in the 100 metres and in the 200 metres (new Olympic record with 23.7 secs.); and S. Strickland in the Women's 80 metres (hurdles); New Zealand's trophy was won by Y. Williams with the Women's Long Jump, and South Africa's by E. Brandt in the High Jump.

ANCIENT AND MODERN: NEWS FROM HOME AND THE UNITED STATES.



PRESENTED TO THE NATION: ONE OF TWO PICTURES OF THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, PAINTED BY THOMAS WHITCOMBE—"THE APPROACH OF THE BRITISH FLEET."
On the eve of August 1, the anniversary of Nelson's victory over the French at Aboukir Bay in 1798, the Rt. Hon. J. P. L. Thomas, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty, arranged to open a special exhibition of pictures, documents, etc., at the National Maritime Museum. He will also present to the nation, on behalf of Mr. L. Charles Wallach, two pictures of the battle by Thomas Whitcombe.



NOW COMPLETED AND READY TO BE INSTALLED IN SEPTEMBER: THE NEW EAST WINDOW FOR THE TEMPLE CHURCH DESIGNED BY MR. CARL EDWARD (LEFT).
After eighteen months' work a new east window for the Temple Church has been completed and will be installed in September. The window, which is 21 ft. high and has three lights, has been designed by Mr. Carl Edward and made by Messrs. James Powell and Sons, of Wealdstone.



(LEFT.) BELIEVED TO BE PART OF LANFRANC'S CONVENT OF A.D. 1070: PIERS WITH PLAIN CUSHION CAPITALS, BUT THEMSELVES CARVED WITH A CHEVRON PATTERN FOUND AT CANTERBURY.

Repairs to the convent buildings at Canterbury in use by the King's School have revealed interesting early Norman features. These include piers with plain cushion capitals, but themselves carved with a chevron and network pattern, discovered in the Dark Entry.

(RIGHT.) ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL TRUST: ANCIENT ALMSHOUSES AT MORETON HAMPSTEAD, ON THE EASTERN BORDER OF DARTMOOR, BUILT IN 1637 OF LOCAL DEVON GRANITE.

The ancient almshouses at Moreton Hampstead, Devon, recently acquired by the National Trust, are distinguished by an arcade of eleven bays forming an open walk giving access to them. The heads of the bays are round and rest upon cylindrical columns. The formerly thatched roofs are now tiled.



A FOOTBALL MATCH SEVEN MILES OFFSHORE: TWO LOCAL RAMSGATE TEAMS COMPETING FOR THE RAMSGATE SANDS REGATTA TROPHY ON JULY 21.

A football match was played seven miles offshore on the Goodwin Sands, off the East Goodwin Buoy, on July 21. Here two local teams, the "Rams" and the "Gates," encouraged by their supporters, competed for the Ramsgate Sands Regatta Trophy. The "Rams" won 2-1. The trophy was last competed for in 1913, when the teams used to play on Ramsgate beach, but the present-day holiday crowds made it necessary to look for another, less-frequented pitch.



A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF THE STRENGTH OF THE RAZOR-LIKE WINGS OF THE U.S. NORTHROP SCORPION F-89: MEMBERS OF THE HAMILTON AIR FORCE BASE 84TH FIGHTER-INTERCEPTOR SQUADRON, MORE THAN SEVENTY OF WHOM ARE ON THE WINGS.



SHOWING THE STREAMLINED SHAPE OF THE BOMBS IT CARRIES: A U.S. NAVY F3D SKYKNIGHT DOUGLAS TWIN-JET AIRCRAFT NOW IN USE BY THE MARINES.
Bombs carried by U.S. Navy modern jet aircraft are now of streamlined shape. In the opinion of engineers who designed this "external store" for the U.S. Navy aircraft, the speed of an aircraft carrying three 2000-lb. bombs of the new design is 50 m.p.h. greater than one carrying two 2000-lb. bombs of the old design.



AT HOME AND ABROAD: FLOODS, AN EARTHQUAKE AND OTHER NEWS ITEMS.



THE MOST VIOLENT EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA SINCE 1906: A VIEW OF THE MAIN STREET IN TEHACHAPI, SHOWING A WRECKED FURNITURE SHOP AND A CRUSHED CAR.



WHERE MOST OF THE KNOWN CASUALTIES OCCURRED: THE WRECKED TWO-STOREY JUANITA HOTEL, IN THE CENTRE OF TEHACHAPI, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

On July 21 a violent earthquake rocked a large area of Southern California and caused widespread damage in Tehachapi, a township with a population of 1500 in the Sierra Nevada. Eleven persons, including nine children, were killed and over thirty injured, and some 700 families were affected—fifty-three homes received major damage and thirty-seven business establishments were damaged. It has been estimated that a total of £35,000,000 of damage has resulted from the earthquake.



UNVEILING THE ROYAL SCOTS MONUMENT IN PRINCES STREET GARDENS: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE REGIMENT, RELEASING THE UNION FLAG.

On July 26 the Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief of The Royal Scots, unveiled the Regiment's Memorial in Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh. Former Royal Scots from many parts of the world attended the ceremony, which was followed by a march-past along Princes Street, where the Princess Royal took the salute. On the following day a commemoration service was held in St. Giles' Cathedral.



EVIDENCE OF SENORA PERON'S POPULARITY WITH THE PEOPLE: PART OF A LARGE CROWD WHICH ATTENDED AN OPEN-AIR MASS IN THE RAIN FOR HER RECOVERY.

As reported on another page in this issue, Senora Eva Peron died after a long illness on July 26. Her popularity, not only as the wife of the President but as an untiring social worker, is evident from this photograph of an open-air Mass for her recovery which was organised by the General Confederation of Labour in Buenos Aires on July 20.



AFTER MELBOURNE'S WETTEST WEEK-END IN SIXTY-ONE YEARS: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE INUNDATED SUBURBS ON THE BANKS OF THE YARRA RIVER.

In May the news from Australia was of drought in the Northern Territory; this month has come news of floods in New South Wales and Victoria which forced 10,000 people to leave their homes. On July 14 it was reported that the Melbourne suburbs had experienced the worst floods since 1934, after the city's wettest week-end in sixty-one years.



A TRIUMPH OF ORGANISATION: NEGOTIATING A FRACTIONATING TOWER, OVER 102 FT. LONG, ROUND A CORNER IN MAIDA VALE ON ITS WAY TO CORYTON, ESSEX.

Recently a fractionating tower, over 102 ft. long, 16 ft. across and weighing about 80 tons, had to be taken by road from Greenwich to the Vacuum Oil Refinery's new refinery at Coryton, Essex. Taking advantage of the week-end traffic lull in Central London, the fractionating tower was moved a distance of fifty miles at a speed of 5 m.p.h.



FASHIONS in collecting are as inconsequent as fashions in hats. They follow no known rules and no man can tell why they change as they do. The oddest example which occurs to me is the present

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE CHARM OF ITALIAN PRINTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

himself when he deserted the brush for the etching needle.

Indeed, Marco Pitteri (1702-1786) was a revelation as far as I was concerned, for until I had the opportunity of looking closely at his work he was no more to me than a name among a dozen or more other names. From henceforth I shall remember him as a line engraver with a quite extraordinary command of his craft, able to give exceptional vivacity to his prints by cutting deeper into the copper plate at regular intervals

and thus breaking the monotony of the lines; so that his versions of the various paintings by G. B. Piazzetta or of P. Longhi for which he is best known, are quite definitely not just versions of the original paintings, but sensitive translations of them, as it were, into his own language. I think this special quality, obvious enough in the print itself, can be detected with sufficient clarity in the photograph of Fig. 3, after a painting by G. B. Piazzetta, whose characteristic, and, to some tastes, over-dramatic style he interprets with astonishing fidelity. But apart from this

this exhibition by six other engravings, all of which seemed to me to bear the mark of his individual style, among them Fig. 2, one of a series of six from original paintings by Longhi (the paintings are now in Venice), all of sporting subjects—"The Nobleman arriving for the Duck Shoot," etc.—which, if they were English, would be famous, because we like to think that we invented country pursuits; and are a little bit surprised and shocked when we discover that others had similar ideas at about the same time, and not only shot duck but were sufficiently interested to make it worth while for a very competent painter to set out the whole story on canvas. I don't know the paintings, but Pitteri's versions of them are delightful, both for their quality as prints and as social documents, and can easily hold their own alongside any English sporting prints you like to name (Fig. 2). The other illustration on this page (Fig. 1) belongs to a different category, first because it is an etching, not a line engraving, and secondly, because it is by a man who was first and



FIG. 1. "ALE PORTE DEL DOLO"; AN ETCHING BY ANTONIO CANAL, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768), "A MAN WHO WAS FIRST AND FOREMOST A PAINTER."

"... these Canaletto etchings of Venice are notable things, for they do convey something of those warm golden reflections on water and stone which are the special beauty of his paintings." This etching, in common with the other works reproduced on this page, was included in Colnaghi's recent exhibition "Venetian and Bolognese Prints of the Eighteenth Century," all from the collection of Prince Liechtenstein, which Frank Davis discusses on this page.

craze which has forced up prices of certain types of coloured glass nineteenth-century paperweights to such an extent that it can well cost more to acquire one of them of a peculiar pattern than, say, a noble Queen Anne silver tankard, or a good, if not absolutely first-class seventeenth-century Dutch landscape. What, then, are the poor to do about it? First, nothing, if you feel that way. Second, know so much more than anybody else that you recognise the fine thing when others don't—which is a counsel of perfection—no, of super-perfection. Third—and easier—look about for fine things which have either once been fashionable and are so no longer, or strike out on a line which no one has yet thought of.

Once upon a time—and not so very long ago—people took a great interest in line engravings. Even then they were difficult to find and the very good ones were beyond most people's pockets. To-day the old collectors have mostly gone to the Elysian fields, there to argue with the engravers who preceded them, and for some unexplained reason no one has yet taken their place on earth. I don't pretend to know why. It may be that people feel that, as these prints are merely somebody's interpretation of somebody else's painting before modern methods of reproduction were invented, they can be a little dull. Perhaps they are, until you look at them twice and three times and begin to know your way about and to make comparisons between one engraver and another. I have said that when there was an active market for them they were difficult enough to find. They did, however, turn up at auction sales, and frequently. Nowadays they are seen comparatively rarely, but you can be quite sure that they exist, and if two men with a little money to burn ever take an interest in them, they will once more become a familiar sales feature. (It is, I think, an axiom that it only requires two enthusiasts to make an active market in anything.)

To my great surprise I found an exhibition of eighteenth-century Venetian and Bolognese prints at Colnaghi's this summer. The majority were line engravings, some a mixture of line engraving and etching, and the remainder were etchings. That sounds a trifle tame, but in fact it was a lively and stimulating show, for it demonstrated not merely the flexibility of a man like Pitteri who, as a craftsman, is surely beyond reproach, but the beautifully sure and nervous touch of Canaletto

and considering his work merely as line engraving, he well deserves more than ordinary attention, because of the wide range of high lights and shadow which appear to be so easily controlled. Compared to some of his contemporaries he gives the impression that if he were playing the piano he would have at his disposal a magical octave at each end of the scale beyond the reach of anyone else. He was represented at



FIG. 2. "CLEANING THE GUNS FOR THE SHOOT," A LINE ENGRAVING BY MARCO PITTERI (1702-1786), AFTER A PAINTING BY PIETRO LONGHI (1702-1762). This line engraving by Pitteri is one of a series of six from Longhi's paintings of duck-shooting scenes, formerly in the Dona dalle Rose collection and now in the Querini Stampalia Gallery, Venice.

foremost a painter, Canaletto. I venture to remind readers who may not be too familiar with prints that though the results of the two processes may look much the same at a casual glance, there is a difference. The line engraving is done on to a copper plate with a tool known as a graver or burin—a sharp-pointed instrument which scratches a line direct on to the plate: this is inked and the impression taken from it. In etching, the plate is covered all over with a wax ground; the artist draws on this with an etching needle, and then immerses the plate in acid. The acid eats into the lines unprotected by the wax. In the right hands—and who can forget the use Rembrandt made of it?—the technique can give effects of the greatest possible subtlety, and these Canaletto etchings of Venice are notable things, for they do convey something of those warm golden reflections on water and stone which are the special beauty of his paintings. A sufficient indication of their quality is, I hope, provided by this photograph.

Well, there they were, all those unfashionable prints, more or less forgotten except by a very few, and as far as I know unheralded by the Press, which is by nature inclined to make a fuss of the very expensive rather than of the moderately priced. In this show five or ten or twenty pounds could take you quite a long way, so let those who are almost daily scared out of their wits by reading of astronomical figures paid for works of art which happen to be modish, take heart. There are still fine things available for those who are not slaves of fashion even though their pockets are not deep.



FIG. 3. "A PILGRIM," WITH A DEDICATION TO G. B. ALBRIZZI; A LINE ENGRAVING BY MARCO PITTERI (1702-1786), AFTER G. B. PIAZZETTA (1682-1754), FIRST DIRECTOR OF THE ACADEMY OF VENICE.

"Marco Pitteri (1702-1786) was a revelation as far as I was concerned," writes Frank Davis, and continues "from henceforth I shall remember him as a line engraver with a quite extraordinary command of his craft."

A FAIR SAMPLE OF THE TASTE OF AN 18TH-CENTURY GENTLEMAN: THE JAMES CAVENDISH ALBUM.

By A. E. POPHAM, Keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.



"HEAD OF AN OLD MAN"; BY SALVATOR ROSA (1615-1673), AN ARTIST WHOSE WORK WAS ADMIRER BY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH COLLECTORS.



"A MAN SEATED BESIDE A GLOBE, PERHAPS A PHILOSOPHER"; BY PARMIGIANINO (FRANCESCO MAZZUZZA, 1504-1540).



"THE HOLY FAMILY"; BY FRANCESCO VANNI (1565-1609). A SELECTION FROM THE ALBUM IS NOW ON VIEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM (PRINT ROOM).



"ST. JOHN"; BY PAOLO VERONESE (PAOLO CALIARI, 1528-1588), POSSIBLY THE DESIGN FOR AN EMBROIDERED COPE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the greatest age of collecting in England, as far as drawings were concerned, was the eighteenth century. To the second half belong the accumulation of the vast series at Windsor, the "fonds" which go to make up the greater part of the contents of the Print Room of the British Museum, and the drawings still preserved in the Library at Holkham Hall, to name some important collections. In none of these cases is the original arrangement of the drawings preserved, though traces still remain at Windsor; and, in the British Museum, a few of the old albums which contained the collections of Sir Hans Sloane are still kept intact. It is therefore of particular interest to meet with an album of this period, the contents of which



"THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE"; BY DIRICK VELLERT (SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ANTWERP ARTIST). A DESIGN FOR A ROUNDEL IN TINTED GLASS.

remained undisturbed, as are those of the volume lately presented to the British Museum by the National Art-Collections Fund. This is a volume bound in red morocco, elegantly tooled in gold, and much the worse for wear. It had belonged to Lord James Cavendish, M.P., the second son of William Cavendish, second Duke of Devonshire (1665-1729), to whom the formation of the collection of drawings at Chatsworth is substantially due. We know this from the fact that four of the drawings still in the album were engraved in facsimile by Arthur Pond as then in the collection of "Dominus Jacobus" Cavendish. Two of these engravings bear the date 1734, which gives us a *terminus*

(Continued below.)



"BACCHANALIAN SCENE"; BY SIMON VOUET (1590-1649), AN ARTIST WHO ENJOYED GREAT SUCCESS IN HIS LIFETIME IN ROME AND IN PARIS.



"PIAZZA NAVONA, ROME"; BY CLAUDE GELLÉE (CLAUDE LE LORRAIN, 1600-1682). A SELECTION FROM THE ALBUM [WHICH CONTAINS ANOTHER CLAUDE DRAWING REPRODUCED IN OUR ISSUE OF MARCH 8] IS ON VIEW AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Continued.]

ante quem for the formation of the collection. Little or nothing seems to be known of this Lord James Cavendish, who died unmarried in 1741. Perhaps he inherited the tastes of his father as a collector; perhaps his father was trying to cultivate those tastes in his son, by giving him scraps from his own collection, for a few of the sheets in this book bear the mark of Nicolaes Anthoni Flinck, whose drawings the Duke bought *en bloc* in 1723. In any case, the album in question, a number of the drawings from which are illustrated here, must provide a fair sample of the tastes of a cultivated gentleman of the period. The drawings are not arranged in chronological sequence—the earliest, two delightful little studies by Fra Bartolommeo, are at the end—in schools, or indeed in any intelligible order. The earlier part of the volume contains a number of drawings obviously perfectly genuine but not of the first importance, even by the standards of the day, by Carlo Maratti and his scholars, and other artists who were almost contemporaries of the young Lord or of his father; and must have been fashionable at the period. There is a fine drawing by Annibale Caracci, another by Agostino (both engraved



"TWO MEN IN A LANDSCAPE"; BY ANTHONIE BORSSOM (c. 1629-30-1677). MR. A. E. POPHAM, KEEPER OF THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS, BRITISH MUSEUM, DISCUSSES THE LORD JAMES CAVENDISH ALBUM ON THIS PAGE.

by Pond), a really magnificent Claude, two Parmigianinos, a fine sheet of studies for a Madonna, attributed to Raphael, but more probably by Polidoro da Caravaggio, a study by Dürer for his etching of the "Angel With the Sudarium," a design for a glass roundel by the Antwerp painter and engraver, Dirick Vellert, and a drawing which appears to be the cartoon for part of a cope, and is certainly by Paolo Veronese. The total number of drawings in the book is eighty-seven, and it ends with two very feeble sketches by a certain William Comyn, who was perhaps personally known to the young Lord. There is a real fascination as one turns over the leaves of this album, with the Chinese paper flaps to protect the drawings still in place, in trying to picture the motives which induced, and the taste which guided the formation of such a collection. Is it a sort of child's scrap-book intended to form the taste of its owner and lead him along the paths of collecting, which his father had inaugurated, on so grandiose a scale? Or was it a young man's own, unguided enthusiasm which led him to select and mount this curious assemblage of drawings?

Photographs reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

RARE AND CURIOUS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

SIR BARRY JACKSON must have been a happy man when he sat in the Old Vic at the première of "King Henry the Sixth, Part Three," and heard the cheers for his Birmingham Repertory cast. Nobody has done more for the modern stage than this extraordinarily active young man of seventy-two. He founded the Birmingham Repertory. He presented "Back to Methuselah." He was a guiding spirit of the Malvern Festival. He did much for the West End theatre between the wars. He created the new order at Stratford-upon-Avon. Now he has had the delight of hearing his Birmingham cast receive the most prolonged ovation in the modern history of the Old Vic. I noticed critics applauding hard. There was general disappointment when the house-lights went up. It would have been pleasant to have seen Sir Barry and his producer, Douglas Seale, standing beside their players.

The play was rare and curious, the third part of an ignored Shakespearean chronicle. I wrote in *The Illustrated London News* on April 26: "I wish it could be made possible for the Old Vic some time this summer to house the Birmingham production. It would grace Waterloo Road, and London collectors would be grateful." The wish is granted. Collectors found the play at the Old Vic—in full. And in more than full, for Douglas Seale has had the wit to end midway through Richard of Gloucester's soliloquy, "Now is the winter of our discontent," which is the opening speech of "Richard the Third." We could see then how neatly the play dovetailed with the great Saturday-night melodrama; as at Birmingham earlier this year, it made me wish to find the "Henry the Sixth" trilogy and "Richard" performed in sequence.

It would be rewarding, for although academic critics have usually dismissed the "Henry the Sixths" as youthful bombast, the plays come out on the stage (as Shakespeare and his collaborators intended them to come out) as young, vigorous, exciting. Young: that is the word. Throughout, there is the ringing-and-clashing of sword and armour. The plays are a long volley of high heroics. They are interspersed with such unexpectedly touching things as the weak Henry's envy of a shepherd's life; but our spirit is roused most by the continuous drumming-and-trumpeting and by such a passage as that before the field of battle at Barnet, when the nobles sweep in, crying, "Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!" "Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!" and so on. The word here is "Enter with drum and colours." That is

of the red rose. This is no part for a timid actress. From the first, Margaret must be in swoop, and Miss Boxall comes down like a wolf on the fold. It is a driving, forcing performance, superbly spoken. You never lose a line that Rosalind Boxall speaks, even at the height of her furious declamation. Paul Daneman,



"A COMEDY WHICH COMES OUT AS WELL AS ANYTHING IN THE SEASON'S RATHER DISAPPOINTING PROGRAMME": "VOLPONE" AT THE MEMORIAL THEATRE, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, SHOWING THE SCENE FROM BEN JONSON'S PLAY IN WHICH VOLPONE'S WILL IS READ (L. TO R.) MOSCA (ANTHONY QUAYLE); VOLPONE (RALPH RICHARDSON); CORVINO (LYN EVANS); CORBACCIO (MICHAEL BATES); LADY POLITICK WOULD-BE (ROSALIND ATKINSON) AND VOLTORE (RAYMOND WESTWELL).

too, has the measure of Richard who, one day, will be Richard the Third. It is a part less difficult than Margaret. Richard is a certainty for any young actor of imagination. Mr. Daneman has this, and an extra touch of quality. Jack May, as the King who should wear tonsure rather than crown, develops a wan pathos.

Not for him, in a long masque of kings, the fierce relish of Richard Plantagenet, who cries with an echo of Marlowe's Tamburlaine:

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown:
Within whose circuit is Elysium
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy....

There are others—Basil Henson, Edgar Wreford—but let me merely express gratitude to the whole cast and

to Sir Barry. I have no doubt that some people have found the play repetitive, the trumpet-note too persistent, the battle-pieces too frequent. I can only record personal pleasure, and a pleasure that the first audience shared, in this matching of youth with youth. This revival, and the Bristol cast's very different "Two Gentlemen of Verona," have been the triumphs of the Old Vic season. Metropolitan playgoers must never again be superior about "rep."

My next "rare and curious" exhibit comes from Stratford-upon-Avon; it is not a Shakespearean exhibit. Oddly, it is the figure of Sir Politick Would-Be, in Ben Jonson's "Volpone," a comedy which comes out as well as anything in the season's rather disappointing programme. Sir Ralph Richardson may have a dryness of style that does not go with Volpone, and certainly he cannot cope with the few bursts when Jonson enters, as it were, with drum-and-colours. Still, at his best (in contemplative rascality), he is rich indeed. In the last scene, with the Fox trapped hopelessly and meeting his fate with resolution, Sir Ralph easily commands the stage. Anthony Quayle's Mosca, the parasite, is a subtly-detailed sinister-trailing scoundrel, a blend of Uriah Heep and Iago. And the production, by George Devine (with some vivid Malcolm Pride sets), hustles the Stratford stage into action as it has not been hustled for years, since Komisarjevsky was at work in Venice-and-Belmont. As Bob Acres said, "Sink, slide, coupee": maybe there is a little too much sinking-and-sliding.

Acting in the secondary parts is useful, no more. But there is at least one astonishing recreation of a part long scorned: I return to Sir Politick Would-Be as Michael Hordern plays him. Sir Pol, a very knowing fellow from England, is a man-about-Venice: he likes to be at the heart of affairs, to possess important knowledge, to indulge in vast transactions, to be inventive. His inventions include a gallantly preposterous way of testing suspected plague-ships by observing the colour of certain onions... but to describe it without reference to the text is like trying to explain, very carefully, just what makes a Heath Robinson machine tick. Hordern has an eager, glossy glibness. Although Sir Pol is a complete ass, we like him, and we are rather sorry when he is gulled and humiliated at the last. Our only consolation is that the Sir Pols of this world always come up again; undoubtedly the man, as Michael Hordern established him, would find ample consolation somewhere outside Venice.

I do not know how I can bottle "The Globe Revue"



"SIR BARRY JACKSON'S BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY COMPANY IN LONDON'S MOST EXCITING SHAKESPEARE REVIVAL FOR A LONG TIME": "HENRY THE SIXTH, PART THREE," AT THE OLD VIC, A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING YORK (ALAN BRIDGES) SEATED UPON THE THRONE, SUPPORTED BY HIS SONS EDWARD AND RICHARD, CLAIMING THE THRONE FROM HENRY VI. (JACK MAY—STANDING NEXT TO THRONE) AND THE LANCASTRIANS.

exactly what the play does. Entering with drum and colours, it sweeps us along with it, especially when it is acted with the virility of the Birmingham cast.

I was glad to hear the first-night roar. It is exciting when an ovation is merited. Rosalind Boxall, Paul Daneman, Jack May, and the rest will remember it. Again I was especially excited by Rosalind Boxall. I have seen her now as Margaret of Anjou in Parts Two and Three, from the moment when the French princess reaches London as Henry's bride. We have been used only to Margaret as the she-raven that croaks through "Richard the Third," but in the second and third "Henrys" she is the "Captain Margaret," she-wolf of France, who leads the faction



"A CROWN FOR YORK"—AND, LORDS, BOW LOW TO HIM. HOLD YOU HIS HANDS, WHILEST I DO SET IT ON": QUEEN MARGARET (ROSALIND BOXALL) PUTTING A PAPER CROWN ON YORK'S HEAD (ALAN BRIDGES) IN A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "HENRY THE SIXTH, PART THREE," BY THE BIRMINGHAM REPERTORY THEATRE COMPANY AT THE OLD VIC.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

NEW YORK CITY BALLET (Covent Garden).—For what Jaques called "dancing measures," here is a company to delight the balletomane. (July 7.)
VARIETY (Palladium).—We shall hear a lot more of that unlucky but admirably-intentioned "conjurer," Tommy Cooper. (July 7.)
"THE WAY TO KEEP HIM" (Arts).—A genial resurrection of Arthur Murphy's comedy, known to Garrick. (July 9.)
"THE GLOBE REVUE" (Globe).—Dora Bryan and the others, with Arthur Macrae as chief librettist, keep the very spirit of intimate revue in Shaftesbury Avenue (and there is nothing merely parochial about it). (July 10.)
WILLIAM POEL MATINEE (Old Vic).—Sir Lewis Casson's speech on the methods of a great producer will be remembered from this crowded centenary tribute. (July 11.)
"VOLPONE" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The Memorial Theatre brings Ben Jonson into the programme, with Sir Ralph Richardson a drily humorous Fox, Anthony Quayle as Mosca, "the fly," and Michael Hordern in rich form as Sir Politick Would-Be, a part sometimes cut. (July 15.)
"WORM IN THE BUD" (Gateway).—Two good acts, followed by a poor third, in a drama by Barbara Burnie. (July 15.)
"HENRY THE SIXTH, PART THREE" (Old Vic).—Sir Barry Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Company in London's most exciting Shakespeare revival for a long time.

(at, not unremarkably, the Globe) in the last paragraph of an article. Most of the night is "rare and curious" in the manner of "The Lyric Revue" of happy memory: I shall be surprised if an entertainment so witty and so swiftly directed (by William Chappell) is not with us in the summer of the Coronation. If I am to choose anything, it must be the compact genius of Dora Bryan. There are also the monstrous, heavy-uncle good cheer of George Benson, Noël Coward's observation (through the voices of his morris-dancers) that bad times are just around the corner, and Joan Heal's plight as a cabaret-singer wedded (in two senses) to her piano. Rare and curious? Undeniably.

CHELSEA'S SOLUTION TO A HOUSING PROBLEM: FLATS FOR OLD PEOPLE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY H. HAILSTONE.



WELL-PLANNED, WITH GOOD CUPBOARDS: THE KITCHEN IN ONE OF THE CHELSEA HOUSING IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY'S FLATS FOR AGED PEOPLE. THE MAXIMUM RENT IS 13S. 6D. A WEEK, INCLUSIVE OF RATES.



(ABOVE.) THE BED-SITTING-ROOM IN A DANVERS STREET FLAT. FIVE SMALL UNMODERNISED HOUSES HAVE BEEN CONVERTED INTO EIGHTEEN SEPARATE UNITS, EACH CONTAINING A BED-SITTING-ROOM AND A KITCHEN SITTING-ROOM; AND ALL ARE OCCUPIED BY AGED PERSONS.



(LEFT.) DANVERS STREET, CHELSEA: THE FLATS CONSTRUCTED THERE ARE THE ONLY ONES ESPECIALLY INTENDED FOR THE AGED IN CHELSEA; AND THERE IS A LONG WAITING-LIST OF PEOPLE ANXIOUS TO OBTAIN SIMILAR ACCOMMODATION.



SHOWING THE WIRELESS ON THE LEFT: A VIEW FROM THE BED-SITTING-ROOM INTO THE KITCHEN IN ONE OF THE FLATS DESIGNED FOR OLD PEOPLE BY THE CHELSEA HOUSING IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.



COMPACT AND BRIGHT: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE BED-SITTING-ROOMS IN THE DANVERS STREET FLATS FOR THE AGED. A MATRON OCCUPIES ONE FLAT, NOT TO SUPERVISE THE TENANTS, BUT TO BE OF USE IF THEY ARE ILL OR NEED HER HELP. DONATIONS TO ASSIST IN PROVIDING FURTHER SUCH ACCOMMODATION ARE REQUIRED.

One of the most urgent aspects of the housing problem is that of finding accommodation for aged people. It is often difficult, if not impossible, for relatives to look after them; and the old, unless infirm or in need of regular medical attention, prefer to preserve as much of their independence as is possible. The Chelsea Housing Improvement Society have been attacking this problem with energy and wisdom. They acquired five unmodernised houses in Danvers Street and converted them into bright, compact, well-equipped flatlets, four in each house. These are the only flats especially intended for old people in the borough; and already eighteen of Chelsea's oldest residents, men and women who can look back on many years of hard work, are happily installed in homes of their own. The maximum rent of each flatlet is 13s. 6d. a week, inclusive of rates, and the fact

that one flat is occupied by a matron, whose duty is not to supervise but to help tenants, is a safeguard for their welfare. As may be imagined, there is a long waiting list of would-be tenants. The Society has acquired two other houses in Danvers Street for conversion into flats, some of which will accommodate old married couples. The work on each house will cost some £1100. Donations are earnestly required and will be gratefully received by the hon. treasurer, Chelsea Housing Improvement Society, Mr. L. M. Gray, Barclay's Bank, 348, King's Road, S.W.3. The secretary-manager, Miss P. V. Marsh, The Estate Office, World's End Passage, S.W.10, will supply particulars and a copy of the report and accounts to anyone interested. Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, V.C., is president of the Society, whose appeal is supported by the Mayor of Chelsea and other Borough authorities.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

ALL this week's grimness and austerity are concentrated in a single book, having disposed of which we find ourselves exceptionally carefree. And indeed almost shocked—as though our muscles had been tensed to lift a weight which is not there.

The "heavy" work is "The Closed Harbour," by James Hanley (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.). One might describe this as a novel of the sea, and Marius, its hero, as a merchant captain—yet only by a cruel paradox. For in effect the seas are dry, and Captain Marius is dead and done with. But he is still refusing to lie down. The days "crawl over him like bugs," and he too crawls, with horrible persistence, in his filthy uniform, through the infernal glare and tumult of Marseilles. . . . Yet his abasement is chock-full of pride. Only a captain's berth will do; he has no ticket now, but he has still his "merits." Day after day, he cringes for an interview with M. Follet of the Heros Company, who used to know his father; M. Follet is his grand hope. And weeks go by, and he can never reach him. From M. Follet's angle, what would be the point? Even if there were jobs to spare, this suppliant is not a captain, but the "Nantes bum," a long-reputed Jonah, and perhaps a murderer. His ship went down in 1940, in the thick of chaos, so he escaped inquiry. But if the tales are true, he was in luck.

So his own mother thinks—that huge, implacable old woman, with her ferocious pride. Her husband was a naval officer, killed in the First War; and he despised his son, got him debarred the Service, and declared his real place was the gutter. Eugène has proved it, too: never a decent ship, always the dirty little tramps, the shady owners. . . . And at last, disgrace. When he came back that night, safe, sound, and horribly without his nephew, for Madame Marius it was the end. She sold up everything at Nantes, which to herself and Madeleine, her widowed daughter, is the seat of life. They followed Eugène to Marseilles, and share his gutter-refuge; but they never speak to him. So the old woman has decreed. She hopes to break him down, and hear him "vomit" a confession. Only he doesn't know it; to him this fell tenacity is mother-love, and in a ghastly way he may be right. Meanwhile, those stony faces keep him in the streets, where one last terror is laid up. Go where he will, a dwarfish clerk from Heros seems to be pursuing him. . . . Eugène is now half-crazed, but he is not mistaken. The dwarf is chasing him indeed; and from that dedicated rescuer, that hound of heaven, he flees into another world.

One may object that Captain Marius is a sealed book; we are acquainted only with his nightmare. But its power is extraordinary. So is the grim, pathetic shape of the old woman. This author has been called a realist, meaning, perhaps, that he has no romantic let-offs. Everything works out to the bitter end—but on a plane quite different from the "photographic."

In "The Brazen Bull," by Gerald Kersh (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), all forms of realism are excluded. The book has half-a-dozen stories, and they aim to please; how they shall please, whether by farce, or sentiment, or swagger, is of less account.

The title-story is a farcical adventure in the picaresque. Poor Mr. Kis, the most inept and gullible of men, began life on the Nixburg Kurjer. As a reporter, he was doing all right. But then his paper took a fancy for "exclusive interviews" with well-known characters on the express. Day after day poor Kis ran up and down the platform looking for celebrities. And while he genuinely blundered, it was still all right. Then came a fatal hour: celebrities ran out, the sack was looming, so he encountered one "in his mind's eye." And such a safe one, too: the dark, unknown, unphotographed, stupendous author of the world's leading tosh. Why, Bull Penhaligon might be on the express! . . .

And so he was. Next day, he came back to confirm the interview. He was the very man. Of course, we guess what is to happen, only not in full; always, the author is a trifle cleverer. This was the story I liked best.

The longest, "Jack of Swords," is Dumasesque in theme; it is about a *coup d'état* against Napoleon during his campaign in Russia. Again the ingenuity is great. Ex-Major Ratapoi is all resource, and nonchalant, heroic swagger. Also, he makes a gallant marriage of convenience with his landlady's niece. And then there are four tales of Mr. Ypsilanti—that dear old blade, that relic of Imperial Vienna, so kindly, chivalrous, unruffled in the teeth of want. Here sentiment abounds, and ingenuity, though present, takes a back seat.

"The Third Pip," by Rupert Lang (Constable; 10s. 6d.), suffers from a deficiency of plot. It has a kind of theme; it is about a sad young man who reaches Victory in Europe as a mere lieutenant, but needs to be a captain when demobbed. If not, he loses his inheritance. Therefore, of course, in theory he should be up and doing—but what, in practice, can he do? It would be hard to say, and Roger, anyhow, is not the type: or he would have his pip, and not have stranded woefully on a mixed gun-site. But now belated chance comes to his aid. He is washed off, and wafted to the scene of conquest; he drifts from job to job, each one more futile than the last, and less promotable—and with the last and silliest, he has arrived. It is too passive and unstitched; but it has a pleasing tone, and some of it is very funny.

"No Bail for the Judge," by Henry Cecil (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.), though lightweight as becomes a thriller, is an event of mark. It is an irony of chance that Mr. Justice Prout should start by raising eyebrows at a witness upon moral grounds. Confessedly, he spent a night with the wrong woman; can one believe his word? The judge has certainly a prudish streak. Yet he is about to spend not one, but five, nights with a *fille de joie*. Then he is found upon her corpse, in seemingly conclusive circumstances, which he can't explain. Broadmoor would probably have been the end, but for his daughter's meeting with the highly questionable Mr. Low, whose worse than questionable methods get the right man. Almost all through we are in bad, but entertaining company; the author knows a lot of law, and he is all wit, liveliness and common sense.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT chess was Russia's national game, travellers observed and reported centuries ago. Under the Soviets, chess has been fostered in a crescendo. From time to time, we read of world-renowned masters scoring, in simultaneous play against Moscow schoolboys, barely five or six wins among twenty or thirty games; but I don't think the average Englishman has the faintest idea how intensive chess instruction in Russia really is. I doubt whether we could take chess so seriously. Britons never, never shall be Slavs!

The official Russian chess magazine recently outlined a syllabus of study for second and third category players. Please don't get the impression that "second category" indicates something a shade below the masters. The masters form a clearly defined class with strict qualifications of entry. Such players as Botvinnik, Boleslavsky, Keres, Flohr, Smyslov are not masters, but Grand Masters; a recognised master might strive for a lifetime to qualify as a Grand Master in vain. Below the masters are "Candidate Masters"; below the Candidates are the first category players, and below these are the second and third category players for whom these lessons are designed.

Thus "second and third category" players are just a bit above the ruck. They have just started to be somebody. If there are 10,000,000 organised chess-players in the U.S.S.R., probably 5,000,000 are in these two classes. Scholastically, we might say they have just about taken their school certificate. In Army terms, they have just shed their corporal's stripes for a sergeant's.

What sort of instruction do these people get?

The first two lessons are characteristically devoted to chess history, the pre-eminence of Soviet chess and the debt to Russia's present leaders. The third tackles balance of material, games with Q against 2 Kts and B; Q against 2 Rs; Q and P v. R, Kt and B; and so on. The fourth continues with R against B and 2 Ps; 2 Rs against 2 Kts and B; and so on.

With lesson five we start to tackle the "standard" openings, and we plod on through the whole range of them for months to come. Meanwhile we have contrasted the classic treatment of the centre (occupation by pawns), with the hyper-modern (control by pieces from a distance); we have been shown the importance of time (to move your bishop from K3 to B4 and back again is normally to waste two complete turns to move—enough to lose the game) and, half-way through the eleventh lesson, have switched to end-games.

Lesson fifteen brings us to the "Tactical solution of strategic problems" (combinative play, to you and me). For weeks we examine every conceivable type of central pawn position: typical is lesson 24, entirely devoted to consideration of openings which produce an isolated pawn on White's Q4.

"Attack on the king" is attacked with similar earnestness in lessons 30 to 32: the attacked king can be castled or not; or it can be castled on the same side of the board as the attacker's king or on the opposite side; each situation calls for its own appropriate methods.

We have British masters to whom a lot of this would be elementary; who have gone in for psychological play, done opening research, studied play against square-complexes of one colour and so on—things above the head of the classes for whom all this was planned. Where the Russians gain, is in exhaustiveness. Whereas few British Championship players have a repertoire of more than four or five main openings, Russians whole classes below are apparently expected to know twenty!

THE ESSENTIAL ENGLAND.

THIS week brings a batch of widely contrasting, but interesting books. It does not need the recommendations of such extremely different people as Mr. Tom Driberg, M.P., Miss Gracie Fields and Ronald Searle, the creator of those horrible schoolgirls, to make "Lease of Life," by Andrew Milbourne (Museum Press; 12s. 6d.), a book which is both memorable and humbling. Andrew Milbourne was a regular soldier, having joined the Army as a boy in his early teens. He transferred to the Paratroops of the First Airborne Division, which covered itself with glory at Arnhem. The descriptions of the confused, deadly and heroic fighting in Oosterbeek is as vivid as anything in war literature. But the book is not primarily concerned with Andy Milbourne's gallantry as a soldier. For at Arnhem there happened something which changed the whole of his life. He suffered wounds

which led to the amputation of both hands and the removal of one eye. The primary interest of the book is the astounding rehabilitation of the maimed soldier, till he actually reached a point where he was working as a miner underground. (His description of the feeling of helplessness of a man without tactile sense who has knocked over his miner's lamp in the dark underground and unable to find it, creates for the reader who is whole the strange apart world of the maimed with its special terrors, large or small, as nothing else can.) The description of his fear at meeting his mother and his fiancée, indeed, of encountering normal life again, after his repatriation from the P.O.W. camp after the war, is very moving—though it is not meant to be. The description of how he learned to master the mechanical contrivances which now serve him for his missing limbs, the heartbreaks and setbacks, the moments of despair, the frank discussion of the moment when his marriage nearly broke up, gains everything from the simplicity of the telling. That Andy Milbourne is now happily settled as a Civil Servant with a wife and son he adores represents a triumph for the resilience and courage of the human spirit. No one who reads this book will fail, I feel sure, to be both disturbed and moved by it.

Mr. Milbourne, a "Geordie," is very much a part of the essential England. In the strange amalgam of races which make up the English, a countryman of Kent is, I suppose, as far removed in environment and outlook from the industrial Tynesider as could be imagined. Yet take them abroad, whether in uniform or on a Cook's tour, and no foreigner could recognise them for anything but English. Mr. H. E. Bates, except when he writes about Spain (when he contrives to produce some dated nonsense), is one of my favourite authors. I would forgive him anything, for example, for such a book as "The Country of White Clover" (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.). This is an autobiographical description, in the manner of his earlier books on the countryside, of how he came to live in Kent some twenty years ago and all the trials and tribulations of the new arrival setting out to pull together thirty-seven derelict acres, at the hands of the natives, who are, as anyone who knows that part of the world can tell you, about twice as shrewd as the slickest spiv that ever trundled his barrow through the West End streets. In the middle of the war, Sir Reeder Bullard, our Ambassador in Teheran, brought to my sick-room in his hospitable Embassy a pile of books which included one called "The Cricket Match." I have forgotten who wrote it (and if any reader can tell me I shall be grateful for the information), but I have always placed it, with that work of the late Archie Macdonnell, "England, Their England," in the forefront of delightful, humorous, penetrating descriptions of the English countryside. Mr. Bates' latest book must now complete a trio in my appreciation. The impossible tyrant Mr. Pimpkins, the insidious but unsatisfactory post-war product Mr. Doolittle are—I was going to say "creations," but that won't do, as they are drawn from life—characters whose description will long live in my memory. Incidentally, Mr. Bates has some sound things to say about an England which has so neglected the essentials of life for the misleading delights of the Welfare State that it might one day sit starving beside a television set, having nothing on which its State-provided false teeth could chew.

It is a far cry from Kent and the Garden of England to the inhospitable shores of Alaska. Mrs. Ballard Hadman, the authoress of "As the Sailor Loves the Sea" (Heinemann; 15s.), has a gift for descriptive writing, however, of which Mr. Bates himself would not be ashamed. Mrs. Hadman, an artist, came to Alaska on a temporary sketching and painting trip. The stay lengthened out into twelve years, during which time she became an expert fisherwoman, trolling for the great king salmon off those inhospitable coasts and in those dangerous seas, and where she married and has two children. The book is written in a simple enough manner, but the material is attractively exciting. I do not think that Mrs. Hadman is likely to lure me to sign on as a fisherman in Alaska, but I certainly enjoy reading her descriptions of it. It gives me a cosy feeling of comfort and safety to contemplate the hazards and discomforts which she and her husband, and her remarkable, highly individualistic fisherman friends must now be undergoing.

Some time ago I reviewed a book on Alaska by Harmon and Connie Helmericks. This remarkable pair have now produced yet another description of Alaska entitled "Our Summer with the Eskimos" (Museum Press; 18s.). It deals largely with the vast game preserve of the interior and with the 250 Eskimos who are the inhabitants of its 60,000 square miles. While Mrs. Hadman deals with the seas and the coast of Alaska, this is essentially a story of the interior—and first class it is.

A little while ago, too, I reviewed Colonel Henry Legge-Bourke's book on the Household Troops. This admirable volume, with its colour photographs, as good as any I have ever seen, has now been divided into two, "The Brigade of Guards on Ceremonial Occasions" and "The Household Cavalry on Ceremonial Occasions" (both produced by Macdonald at 10s. 6d.). They have one advantage over the consolidated volume, and that is, they are brought entirely up to date, so that what, for me, has been through my sentient life "His Majesty's Brigade of Guards" becomes "Her Majesty's Brigade of Guards" (as they now are) throughout.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

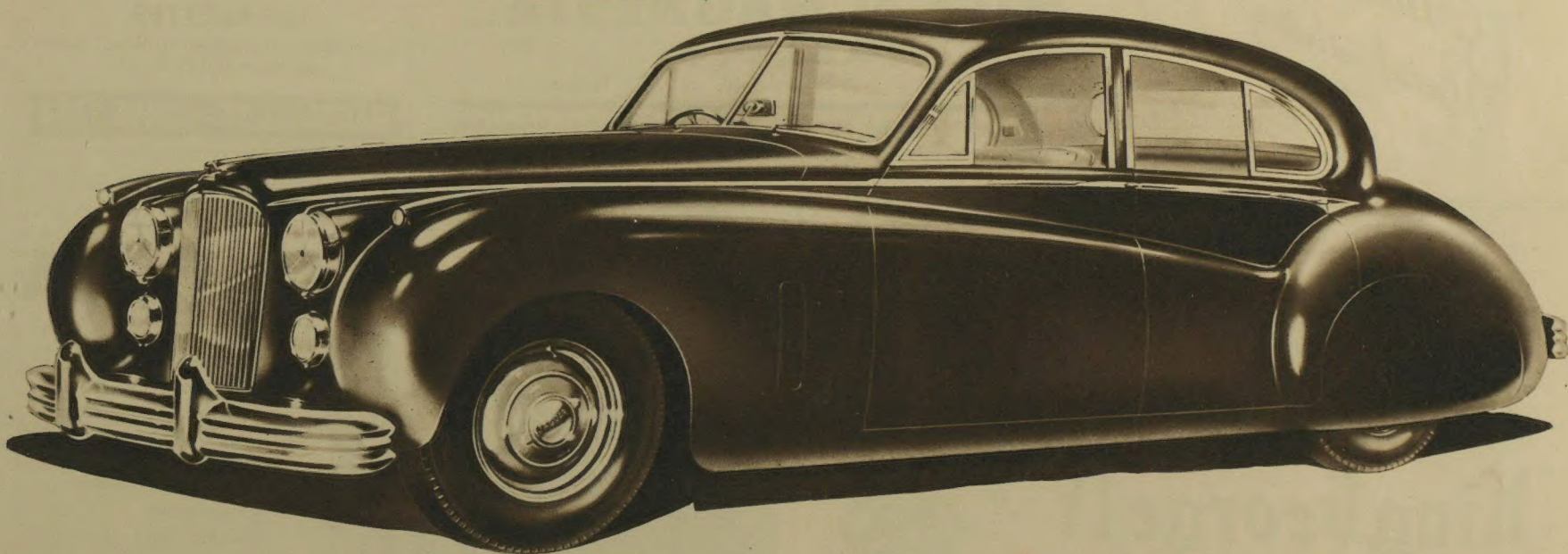


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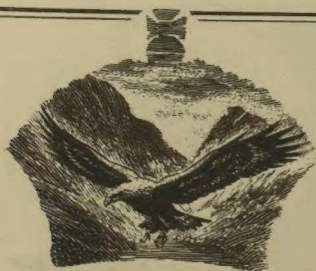
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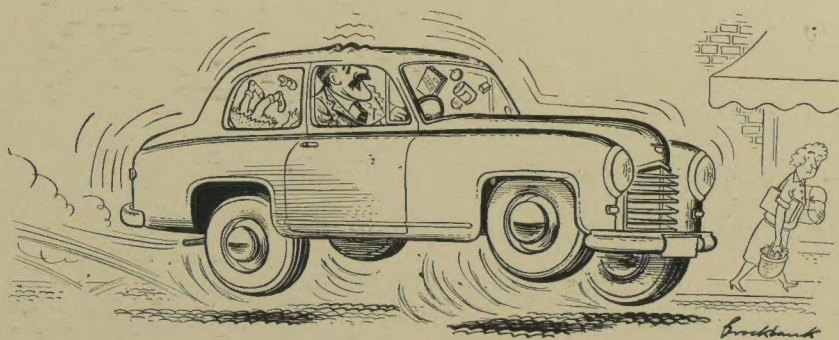
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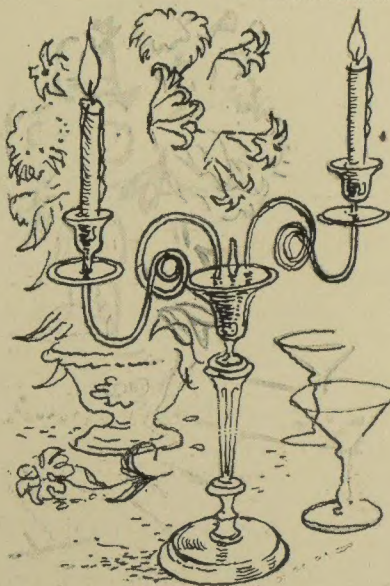
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